SUSPENSE: A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL. BY JOSEPH CONRAD

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What Is "A Story?"

THERE is, after all, some excuse for a certain type of stiff-necked and turtle-mouthed business-man who rejects the perusal of fiction as a relaxation at the end of a day. "I never read novels!" he mutters, and buries himself in the evening newspaper, his eye roving immediately over some sensational press "story." His attitude may be taken as a point of departure for a modest argument on modern fiction.

It is not because the individual above referred to cannot appreciate the possibilities for infinite drama in our mixed human existence, not because he does not like to listen to a tale well-told, that he rather bumptiously and bigotedly eschews the fiction of the hour. It is really because he wants a story that gives him some illusion of reality. He doesn't care about the trimmings. Give him the chain of incident. He flatters himself that he knows enough about human nature to argue out the motives all by himself. Hence the front-page-stuff in the newspaper, for him. This happened. A, B, and C were involved. There is no question of plausibility of incident. This happened. The dramatic values are emphasized. Causes attributed, so and so. Sequence of incident such and such. And the verdict of a jury will supply the proper climax.

Certainly when one reviews the flimsily concocted plots, the oozy sentiment, the careless verbiage, the garish atmosphere" of many contemporary works of fiction, one is inclined to sympathize with the turtle-mouthed gentleman who merely wishes, buzzard-like, to pick the bare bones of dramatic narrative. But, even as the writers of concocted stories miss the whole point of authorship, he also has entirely misconceived the function of literature. He arrogates unto himself the great sympathetic perspicacity in analysis of motive that is the chief attribute of genius. And, nine times out of ten, he has it not.

Which reminds us of a conversation we had the other day with a contemporary writer. The author contended that the great "story" consisted of the complete exploration of character, even of a single character. As we remember it, he cited "Madame Bovary." When Flaubert's masterpiece is finished one knows all about this lady that it is possible to know. One has completely lived her life. Decidedly, we are inclined to agree. Such inspired psychological analysis constitutes the greatest of all "stories." But this is exactly what the newspapers fail to give us, even in their following of the central figures of celebrated cases from day to day. They leave out almost everything that is really significant about the person or persons involved. It is as if they hewed rough outlines of the participants in their "stories," on stone with a decidedly blunt instrument. Often they create mere simulacra.

They would perhaps contend that the individual is less interesting, less complicated a mechanism than we imagine. Yet the further science and medicine advance the more complicated the average individual is seen to be. For purposes of the law he may not be so; but to the artist worthy the name there is infinite exploration possible even in a mediocre,—yes, even in a "vile" character. And such exploration is undoubtedly material for the best stories. Once the author is absorbed in his character or characters the incident more or less takes care of itself. The drama is inherent. Good reporting at its best gives us but "character studies," detached incidents that throw a slanting light upon general human nature, scraps of humor, of pathos, of irony. The artist does not neglect these sidelights. He simply goes to work more thoroughly on a larger canvas.

As for concocted fiction, it fails simply and solely because it *is* concocted, because it sets out to prove something. As to most of the mixed happenings of life proving anything—! The concocting writer necessarily forces the pace to drive home his main point, he—in the term of the links—"presses," and is immediately off his stroke. The artist, on the other hand, lets matters take their course, within

(*Continued on page* 875)

Bridal Night

(*A Woman Speaks*)

By DON MARQUIS

WHEN darkness was three hours beyond its noon,
Seeing that you lay bound in sleep's duress,
I rose and wandered with a grieving Moon
The night's illimitable loneliness,
And felt the ache of that remote distress
Mix with mine own as sorrow weds a tune;
—Far off the dawn approached, the pitiless
Remembering dawn that ever comes too soon.

May Love forgive, may Love keep faith with me,
Who was so false to many a love ere this!
When the dim daybreak glimmers on your face
I shall be sharply stricken of memory:
A risen ghost will claim me in your place,
A dead mouth smile and slay me with a kiss.

This Week

"The Guermantes Way." Reviewed by *Olivia Howard Dunbar.*

"The Old Woman of the Movies." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

"The Common Reader." Reviewed by *Matthew Josephson.*

"The University of Oxford." Reviewed by *F. Stringfellow Barr.*

Mussolini's Diary. Reviewed by *C. M. Bakewell.*

"The Isles of Fear." Reviewed by *Norbert Lyons.*

"Experience and Nature." Reviewed by *Ralph Barton Perry.*

The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

"Suspense." By *Joseph Conrad.*

The Old Gentlemen. By *Christopher Ward.*

Poetical Parodies. By *Arthur Guiterman.*

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On Re-Reading the Bible

By ZEPHINE HUMPHREY

BERMUDA is not a desert island. Anything but! Nevertheless, last winter it enabled me to try out the desert island experiment so dear to the pens of reviewers a decade ago: "If you were about to be exiled to a desert island and could take ten books with you, which would you select?" But I did not take ten, I took only one, and with it I spent such an interesting winter that I am now eager to recommend the experience to everybody.

The Bible. I assume that not many readers have a more recent familiarity with this book than I had six months ago. Most of us over forty were pretty well grounded in it in our youth, many of us are accustomed to read parts of it over and over, but few people nowadays sit down to it as to a volume of history or biography. We simply haven't time.

This fact is all to the good. On a rock near my New England home the Salvation Army has blazoned a bit of advice at which I have often smiled. "Read the 'Bible.'" In quotation marks, as if it were a novel! But I now perceive that deep wisdom lies in those manipulated commas. When read like any other book (or, rather, re-read after a lapse of years), the "Bible" yields a new and refreshing experience. Established with it in Bermuda, where all my surroundings were different from anything I had ever know before, I made a deliberate effort to empty my mind of preconceptions and prejudices. The pious point of view I entirely foreswore. The result was a real revelation of values both novel and enduring.

The first thing that struck my adventuring mind was the utter humanness of the Old Testament. It is very modern in this respect. Talk about "truth to nature" and "fidelity to the facts of life"! Our realistic novelists ought to take off their hats to the author of the Pentateuch. They have none of them known how to make a hero so sordid and crafty as Jacob, a hateful person, yet distinctly a hero, a big enterprising pioneer on whom the destinies of his race depended, mean, calculating, yet capable of serving fourteen years for his beloved, capable of having angelic visions, capable of wrestling with divinity. There's human nature for you, there's the authentic stuff out of which evolution is still painfully shaping us. Moses is grand beyond expression, yet not big enough to admit the real reason why he is not allowed to enter the Promised Land. David is kingly and loyal and incredibly generous, yet how he behaves with Bathsheba! They are all pretty lustful, these fathers in Israel. Some of their escapades make very "advanced" reading. And, on the other hand, what a complacent prig is Joseph! The jealousy of Sarah, the drunkenness of Noah, the vengefulness of Elisha, the treachery of Saul—all these traits, unflinchingly admitted by their biographer, stir one perhaps to a passing indignation but in the long run to a warm fellow-feeling and to a fresh admiration for the God who conceived the idea of making something out of such unpromising and perverse material.

It is of course this God, Jehovah, who is the dominating character of the Old Testament. Milton's Satan is the only achievement in literature to be even remotely compared with him, and Milton lags a long way behind.

He is also very human, Jehovah God—quite movingly and passionately so. In the first chapter of Genesis he gropes like any other artist who yearns to create, experimenting with this and that, then pausing and standing back to see what he has done.

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He is luckier than most artists in that his first reaction is to find everything very good; but after awhile, just before the flood, he is not so sure. He loves his handiwork. To man, his supreme accomplishment, he gives so much of his very self that henceforth his happiness is in human hands, and the whole Old Testament is a profoundly tragic and stirring account of his efforts to win and hold human loyalty.

I have a friend who recently set out to re-read the Bible in my same spirit of inquiry, but he was so affronted by the travesty of godhead which Jehovah seemed to him that he got no further than Leviticus. "What!" he exclaimed in outrage, "that jealous, cruel, capricious, vain-glorious creature a god to love and worship? If I'm going to keep my religion I must let the Bible alone." Of course every thoughtful person understands and respects this reaction, but I am thankful that mine was not precisely similar. To me the Hebrew Jehovah seems not always worshipful but immensely lovable, with his fire and tumult of feeling, his tempestuous disappointment, disgust, and indignation, his swift relenting, and passionate return. He cares to tremendously. That is the thing—that intense note of feeling—that makes the Old Testament so powerful. Everything that happens is a matter of vital concern both to Jehovah and to the people who, though they are often unfaithful, always care too. For days at a time Moses lies on his face, prostrate with grief, rapt in supplication. Isaiah and Jeremiah can hardly bear the burden of their solicitude. "Oh, that my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears!" Different books of the Old Testament give somewhat different ideas of their common hero, and that is of course inevitable. From the beginning of time to the present day, man has had no choice but to make God in his own image. He is at his humanest in the Pentateuch and at his sublimest in Job and the Psalms. Isaiah finds him infinite in loving-kindness, to Jeremiah he is terrible. But to all the children of Israel, people and prophets alike, he is the one thing that matters supremely. Such Psalms as the 129th, the 90th, the 65th, the 63rd, the 42nd convince the reader that the being who could call forth such ultimate utterance is the most important fact in history.

* * *

The relation between Jehovah and his prophets affords a curious study. It is almost as equals that they take counsel together, and there is even a note of deference in Jehovah's cry to Moses on the occasion of the worship of the golden calf, "Now therefore let me alone that my wrath may wax hot against them, and that I may consume them." On the other hand, Moses sometimes bitterly complains: "Wherefore have I not found favor in thy sight, that thou layest the burden of all this people upon me? Have I conceived all this people? have I brought them forth, that thou shouldst say unto me, Carry them in thy bosom, as a nursing father carrieth the sucking child——?" It was no joke to be a prophet, though it was of course the highest possible privilege. Moses did his best to get out of the whole business when his first summons came, and, being finally cornered by Jehovah, had no more gracious assent to make than, "Oh, Lord, send, I pray thee, by the hand of him whom thou wilt send." Jeremiah protested, "Ah, Lord Jehovah! behold I know not how to speak"; and afterwards bewailed himself: "O Jehovah, thou hast persuaded me, and I was persuaded; thou art stronger than I and hast prevailed: I am become a laughing stock. —— Cursed be the day wherein I was born." Ezekiel had a transcendent revelation, yet he "went in bitterness, in the heat of my spirit; and the hand of Jehovah was strong upon me." Jonah "rose up to flee unto Tarshish from the presence of Jehovah." Only the thoroughly god-possessed Isaiah went to meet his destiny: "Here am I; send me." But what marvellous instruments they made when once divinity had full control of them! There is no poetry in any literature to compare with parts of Isaiah and Ezekiel. It thunders like the sea, it chants like winds over mountains, it burns, it rushes, it is so tremendous that the reader feels all but annihiliated by it, yet, having suffered it, knows himself to be three times the man he was before. Isaiah and Ezekiel explored the utmost reaches of their own spirits and more nearly the utmost of God's than any other human being save only Him who was to come after them.

If the poetry of the Bible is incomparable, so are the stories. Take the love stories of Isaac and Rebecca and of Ruth and Boaz—what idyllic beauty, what economy of means to a sure and perfect end! The story of Joseph is admirably presented, with a smooth and flowing gesture which occasionally contracts to grip the heart: "And Joseph made haste, for his heart yearned over his brother; and he sought where to weep." The book of Esther is a complete novelette, marred for us in substance by the vindictiveness which we may as well confess mars all Hebrew narrative, but excellent in technique. And the book of Jonah is a downright thriller. All these stories seem to the unprejudiced reader very modern in method, suggestive of the Russians and Katherine Mansfield. How would it do to re-print them in a volume by themselves? But they are probably better in their own setting, against their own background, and the reader enjoys them most when he picks them out for himself. Their element of unexpectedness is part of their charm. Some of them are mere fragments: as the birth and childhood of Samuel, the various episodes in the careers of Elijah and Elisha, David in the cave of Adullam.

As the reader wants to do his own picking, so he wants to do his own skipping—lavishly. There are chapters and chapters of Leviticus and Numbers that may have been valuable to him who wrote them and his immedate public, but that to the modern reader are dull and profitless. It behooves one to be very careful, however, how he skims the Bible, for he may miss some sudden bit of beauty or interest. Take this at the end of long chapters of mechanical detail: "Then the cloud covered the tent of meeting, and the glory of Jehovah filled the tabernacle. And Moses was not able to enter into the tent of meeting, because the cloud abode thereon, and the glory of Jehovah filled the tabernacle." Or these homely and human bits of instruction imbedded in pages of ritualistic command: "Thou shalt not curse the deaf"; "the wages of a hired servant shall not abide with thee all night"; "thou shalt not go up and down as a tale bearer"; "if thou meet thine enemy's ox or his ass going astray, thou shalt surely bring it to him again"; "and thou shalt not glean thy vineyard, neither shalt thou gather the fallen fruit of thy vineyard; but thou shalt leave them for the poor and for the sojourner."

These sudden rapier thrusts into the depths of human nature are characteristic of all the authors of the various books of the Bible, so different are their themes and treatment. "And Elkanah her husband said unto her, Hannah—am not I better to thee than ten sons?" "Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women"; "Then Pharoah said unto him, But what has thou lacked with me, that, behold, thou seekest to go to thine own country? And he answered, Nothing; howbeit only let me depart." "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her skill."

Isaiah is indubitably the most beautiful book of the Old Testament. In fact there is so much sheer Christianity in its second part that it comes near being the most beautiful book in the world. Job is tremendous. The Song of Solomon is exquisite and Ecclesiastes makes, perhaps, the most intimate appeal to a modern reader of all the Bible books. The Psalms are the most poignant lyrics ever written. Parts of Ezekiel and the minor prophets are magnificent. But there is one part of the Bible the beauty of which is hard to put into words because, precisely, it has nothing to do with words. It is the transitional silence that lies between the two Testaments: like the hush of ebb tide, like the dying away of a storm, like the pause which Elijah must have felt between the earthquake, wind and fire and the still small voice. The Old Testament closes on a note of gloom and discouragement. Malachi is a fierce and desperate book, with flashes of hope in it but with a quickly recurring despondency. The chastisement of Israel is such an old, old story, and what good does it ever do? Again and again and again the people fall away. In vain do the prophets threaten and rage. What then? Failure, disappointment, chagrin, and bitterness. The long drama is ended. Creating man in his image and loving him with all the passion and power of divinity, Jehovah has failed to win and hold man's loyalty. The tragedy is tremendous. No words can deal with it, only the silence which follows the concluding phrase of Malachi: "lest I come and smite the earth with a curse."

Yet it is not a terrible silence. As the awed listener waits on it, he is almost at once aware of a new spirit brooding on the waters, a new theme adumbrating its way into utterance. What doss it mean? Is it true of God too—God first and foremost perhaps—that he has to give up before he can triumph, has to fail before he can succeed? In complete sorrow and humility is God feeling his way to an undreamed-of experiment?

"The book of the generation of Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham": thus the New Testament begins, gravely taking up one of the themes of the Old; and, for a few chapters, the development is reminiscent of the early history of other Hebrew prophets. But a new note is evident from the first, and soon the new theme shapes itself: "I indeed baptize you in water unto repentance; but he—shall baptize you in the Holy Spirit"; "This is my beloved Son"; "The people that sat in darkness saw a great light." Then, with a serene, clear burst of conviction and confidence comes the Sermon on the Mount, and after that there is no further doubt. God has found expression in a son (no driven prophet) who asks nothing better than to point out the way of love for human hearts and wills. The drama begins all over again but with what a difference in its intention and possibilities!

Just as they are, the gospels are priceless—so simple, direct and sincere, so radiant the light of the Spirit, so varied in their interpretations of the one common truth. Certainly, not for anything would I lose that star of spiritual insight and wisdom, the gospel according to John. It really is a pity that we are so familiar with the lovely narrative, especially that it has for most of us such stuffy Sunday-school associations. If we could come to it perfectly fresh, never having heard of it before, it would carry us off our feet, flood us with love and joy and surprise.

It had more nearly this blissful effect on me in Bermuda than ever before in my life, and so stirred was I by it that I followed the adventures of the early church, as set forth in the book of Acts, with breathless sympathy. Surely, that was the high tide of human experience. Never before (never since alas! except perhaps once in Assisi) was any body of people so joyously possessed, so completely given over to the working out of a great idea. Joy. The word recurs. For once, humanity realized a spiritual destiny wihch it has always considered its birthright but which it has almost never known how to achieve. Man was meant to be happy, and Peter and Paul, Stephen and Dorcas *were*.

A scholarly friend of mine who wishes he could abridge the gospels thinks that Paul had a wrong idea about Christianity and gave it a fatally false twist from the start. So that ecclesiasticism predominates over Christlikeness. Perhaps he is right. Certainly there is a deal of theology in some of the epistles. But it all meant Christ to Paul, and perhaps if our spirits were as flaming as his, there would be no rigidity in our ecclesiasticism, for dogma would be molten and fluid in the fire of our love.

What a person he was, this Paul! Not Moses, not Isaiah cared quite so tremendously. "For me to live is Christ." He had no other thought. His yearning solicitude for the people of the various churches is one of the most beautiful things in history. "My little children, of whom I am again in travail until Christ be formed in you"; "even so, being affectionately desirous of you, we were well pleased to impart unto you, not the gospel of God only but also our own souls, because ye were become very dear to us." His mystical insight goes farther and deeper than that of any other man. "For the invisible things of him since the creation of the world are clearly seen, being perceived through the things that are made"; "for the earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God"; "and the things that are despised did God choose, yea and the things that are not, that he might bring to nought the things that are." His heights of vision and utterance take one's breath, so steep are they and so swiftly does he scale them.

Well, it was a great experience I had in Bermuda with the Bible. I did not miss other books, for I had a satisfying variety between the two leather covers. In fact, I was more than ever convinced that most of us read too many books nowadays. I came back resolved to urge the adventure upon other people, particularly upon the younger generation, many of whom, I am told, have never read the Bible at all. Theirs is a wonderful opportunity. If they can divest their minds of "Victorian" prejudice (and it is high time that bogey was banished), they can give themselves a treat. Like the Salvation Army, I now cry, "Read the 'Bible'!"

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Ways of the Highborn

THE GUERMANTES WAY. By MARCEL PROUST. Translated by C. K. SCOTT MONCRIEFF. New York: Thomas Seltzer. 1925. 2 vols. $6.

Reviewed by OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

UNDER the title, "The Guermantes Way," the third section of Marcel Proust's vast serial novel, "The Remembrance of Things Past," now appears in English. Certain passages are already famous, such as that peculiarly Proustian scene at the Opéra-Comique where, through an elaborate metaphor, the brilliant figures of the Paris social world appear as Nereids and fishy monsters, swaying through a glassy sea. Yet perhaps the most remarkable feature of the book is the relatively simple recital of the illness and death of the grandmother of Marcel,—to give the narrator, for convenience, a name that he does not actually acquire until a later volume. It is, of course, to the glory of Proust that he is so uninfluenced by stereotyped tradition. The knowledge that a death-bed is waiting several pages ahead altogether fails to mould his paragraphs into derived formulas. It is as if nobody had ever written of a human collapse before, so unsentimentally, yet with such almost intolerable intimacy, does he present this scene of agony and trivialness.

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If the exquisite authenticity of this part of the story isn't equalled in kind elsewhere in the two volumes, that is because the material with which they specifically have to do, is somewhat differently approached. The book is devoted to the great family of the Guermantes, to the consideration, so endlessly absorbing to Proust, of the *mores* of the highborn. Figures that one assumes are drawn from his immediate personal environment,—the grandmother, the amazing Françoise, even M. de Norpois, always so admirably remaining this side of caricature,—are regarded by the novelist with a singleness of mind that no longer obtains when he draws aside the velvet curtains to reveal his duchesses. This because his original conception of the nobility as beings of infinite glamor was never entirely superseded by his later desire to reveal their rather shocking weaknesses. Thus, with him, the satirist and the snob are always a little jealously looking over each other's shoulder. However explicitly he may establish that the individual bearers of resounding names may themselves be less than unimportant, the Duchesse de Guermantes vulgar and malicious, the Duc brutal and dull,—the names themselves nevertheless retain their magic, the social hierarchy continues to enchant. There is no disillusioning him.

The Guermantes—those at least who were worthy of the name—were not only of a quality of flesh, of hair, of transparency of gaze that was exquisite, but had a way of holding themselves, of walking, of bowing, of looking at one before they shook one's hand, of shaking hands, which made them as different in all these respects from an ordinary person in society as he in turn was from a peasant in a smock.

Yet he does not spare his coronetted creatures. No one has been more ruthless in diverting them to the purposes of a comedy that is almost inhumanly grim,—as when the Duc de Guermantes coarsely manœuvres so that the news of his sick cousin's death shall not reach him in time to prevent or even abridge his participation in a costume ball, or when Swann, confessing his fatal illness to the Duc and Duchesse as they are leaving for a dinner-party, finds that they pretend to disbelieve him, lest the uncomfortable knowledge disarrange their evening's program. Proust resists his disposition to digress when he is achieving a scene of this order; his zest in it is too great.

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The result of all this is an extraordinary document of the titled French world of the nineties, bound to its own charming ritual, gossiping ignorantly about Maeterlinck's early plays, shrilly persecuting any partisan of Dreyfus, endlessly occupied in maintaining its own caste. Happily, no sense of pressure of any sort led Proust to omit from this document a single entertaining detail. He has the courage, in a story of 800 or so pages, to devote 184 pages to the Duchesse de Guermante's dinner-party, and 133 pages to Mme. de Villeparisis's tea. He works in an individual temper and on an individual scale, and there is no longer any danger that these be instanced in reproach. His demonstration of his own quality has made legitimate his choice of tools and methods, whatever blemishes the product may exhibit.

To complete the picture of the Guermantes family, Proust introduces a preliminary portrait of its exceptional figure, the Baron de Charlus, who plays a dominating rôle in the later volume, "Sodome et Gomorrhe." From first to last, Charlus is an astonishing triumph of intensity of realization. The everyday reader will believe in the deathbed of the grandmother partly because he can refer the details of it to his own experience. He will believe in the Baron de Charlus solely because Proust's genius makes him credible, even though not one of the singular creature's attributes be familiar. It isn't that Charlus profits from the advantage of a sensational novelty, in that novelists and publics have generally declined to recognize the homosexual type. It is rather that the Baron is not an invented monster, but a thoroughly brilliant characterization, with great attendant richness of detail and background, of an actual human being.

And the inexplicable Albertine reappears. Inexplicable, because although she is accredited with a more or less normal bourgeois background, this French child of fourteen or fifteen has all the freedom that a latchkey can connote, and begins her long *liaison* with Marcel for no other reason apparently than to be obliging, since neither of them pretends to be in love with the other, in even the attenuated sense that Proust often intends. Every reader of

Victor Hugo, by August Lepère. (After the head by Rodin.)
From "The Woodcut Annual for 1925," edited by Alfred Fowler.

Proust must wonder why Albertine, who occupies so conspicuous a rôle in the entire scheme of the novel, is so superficially conceived. Almost the only characteristic with which her contemptuous creator has troubled to equip her is a monstrous capacity for deceit. But precisely the same thing may be said of Gilberte, Albertine's predecessor. The only conclusion seems to be that Albertine and Gilberte are but two names chosen for very much the same conception of feminine youth, and furthermore, that apart from its rosy surfaces, Proust had little interest in girlhood—not nearly enough to make an effort to understand it—except insofar as it produced disturbing reactions in the youthful male. The animus with which the young Marcel refers to Albertine, the complacency with which he exploits her, do perhaps require a special interpretation.

As for the English version itself, any approximately accurate translation of Proust is no doubt a feat. Whether his much-discussed style is admirable or faulty, at least its more obvious features, such as the inordinate use of parentheses and the mannerism of offering alternative explanations for a given speech or action, would seem to be particularly contrived for the discomfiture of translators. It is not surprising, therefore, that Mr. Moncrieff is only moderately successful. In many cases, his version of a delicately balanced, closely articulated sentence becomes a mere cumbrous string of words, the interrelation of the clauses no longer unmistakably clear, the rhythm and the memorable atmosphere of the original completely lost. Often, too, the translation, in simple passages, becomes mechanical, and words are rendered into the easiest English equivalents without regard to idiom. There are no deletions, although the introduction to "Sodome et Gomorrhe," originally added to "Le Côté de Guermantes," is very reasonably not included in the present edition.

Representative Tales

THE OLD WOMAN OF THE MOVIES, and Other Stories. By VICENTE BLASCO IBANEZ. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

FERTILITY of invention, gaudy coloring, heavy emphasis upon background and atmosphere—these qualities stamp Blasco Ibanez's short stories as they do his novels. The dozen tales here collected range in scene from Mexico to Serbia, from Argentina to France; and the scene is always strongly painted in. The majority are rather flashy pieces of journalistic fiction. "The Old Woman of the Movies," for example, is a padded treatment of the much-used theme of the dead solider who reappears to his friends and relatives on a cinema film taken at the front. "The General's Automobile" is a fantastic episode from the Mexican Revolution; it relates how a political leader killed his rival by waylaying him at night and driving a high-powered automobile back and forth over his body. "The Monster" is an even cruder thriller. When its hero, the rich, brave, and athletic Maurice Delfour, comes back from the French front with both arms, both legs, and one eye shot away—a mere groaning trunk—his wife turns from him in horror, but his mother lavishes upon him all her love and devotion. Such mechanical tales as these are good enough for the cheaper magazines, but there is little excuse for collecting them between book covers.

Fortunately, there are other stories in the volume which do much to redeem it. Two are infused with a genuinely artistic inspiration. "The Widow's Loan" is a striking presentation of the superstitious piety of an illiterate Latin-American laborer, which drives him to brave the perils of a solitary Andean trail, and leads him to a relentless death. It, and one or two other stories here, offer a real insight into the wilder communities of South America. "The Sleeping Car Porter," again, has a theme which Daudet might have praised. A humble sleeping car attendant on the Paris-Rome Express, eager to spell out to everyone the last letter his wounded son wrote from the battlefield, falls in with a proud duchess who also has her bleeding memory of a lost boy; and the two are finally discovered side by side, the porter patting the duchess's hand. Several of the other tales here seem to be shavings from the bench on which Blasco Ibanez wrote his long novels. For example, in "The Serenade" we have the tragi-comic story of the wedding day of a rich, ugly old widower on the Valencian littoral, who is taking as his wife the prettiest young girl of the village. The widower's relatives, who have eyes on his estate, and the girl's lover are equally outraged, and they form a plot against him which has dramatic consequences. The tale is good as a story, and better as a picture of Valencian life.

The collection illustrates Blasco Ibanez's wide range, his busy imagination, his interest in the social contrasts of a dozen nations, and his lack of a fine artistic touch. Like the long shelf of novels which his translators have given us, it is worth having, but would be better for use of the pruning knife.

Without Chart and Compass

MEN SEEN. By PAUL ROSENFELD. New York: Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by GORHAM B. MUNSON

NO one would deny that modernity needs a critic. Mr. Paul Rosenfeld, who is certainly acquainted with modernity, aspires to play the rôle. His problem then is to enter sympathetically and comprehendingly into the expressions of modernity, to make a conscious application of the experience of the past upon the experience of the present, and to discover standards. He must manage somehow to combine *l'esprit de finesse* with *l'esprit de géométrie*. In short, he must, if he is to play his elected rôle successfully, give us something more than information, enthusiasm, dislikes, and likes. But "Men Seen," a collection of studies of twenty-four modern authors including d'Annunzio, Lawrence, Claudel, Hartley, Kreymborg, Toomer, Apollinaire, et cetera," does not measure up to these difficult requirements. Psychologically, it is too close to being a record of a lover's infatuations and quarrels to qualify as a work of criticism. It is possible that Mr. Rosenfeld would consider that a com-

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plimentary statement, which in my opinion would be a typical modern error.

In "Men Seen" one can see Mr. Rosenfeld sweating to get closer to the peculiar character of literary art, its formal element. This is a gain, for we remember that formerly Mr. Rosenfeld held "technical analysis" in disdain and now, though no standard is apparent, he at least scratches at technical matters in his discussions of Joyce and Cummings, for example.

On the other hand, he applies the hypothesis of psychoanalysis to his twenty-four modern authors. Psychoanalysis, once a heterodoxy, is now an orthodoxy, and he who objects to its facile employment finds himself unpleasantly suspect. Still, it must be pointed out that psychoanalysis is still a science without a norm or standard pattern for human psychology. Nevertheless, Mr. Rosenfeld feels the need of no discretion in employing it, sometimes with ludicrous results as in the chapter on Waldo Frank.

If Mr. Rosenfeld's estimates of modern writers are impaired by his lack of standards, they are positively vitiated by his unbalanced emotionalism. Indeed, he comes very near to repeating after Rousseau that "the man who thinks is a depraved animal" and he hopes that Herbert J. Seligmann will grow up to be the "much-needed unrationalistic critic." He relates art only to his sensibility and emotions and not, as it would seem common sense to do, to the totality of his resources which includes the intellect. By limiting the area of his response to art, he reduces his criticism to the scale of impressionism. In doing so, he is merely carrying further the outward diffusive movement of nineteenth century criticism—away from the core which is composed of judgment and standards to a circumference segmented into relativism, impressionism, history, biography, and gossip.

We have had a century of this sheer romantic gusto and taste and suggestiveness proclaiming itself criticism. Looking back at it now it does not seem to have been the centralizing force that modern art requires. Indeed, the experience of the recent past makes Mr. Rosenfeld's descent towards a subrational synthesis appear strikingly foolhardy. If he showed some symptoms of doubting his direction, one might view with more hope the actual improvements he has made, the most marked of which is in his style. His writing still remains a grotesque padding of Waldo Frank's manner and bulges too much with repetition of images, but it is, compared with his earlier work, relatively chaste. Clear thinking will doubtless cure many of its remaining defects.

Distinguished Essays

THE COMMON READER. By VIRGINIA WOOLF. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

IN several novels and short stories, already published, Mrs. Woolf has achieved a success with long preparation and peculiar fitness for a career in literature.

There are writers who turn out a novel, a crosscut of life, a book of poems, through a series of accidents, or through a vague instinct for self-assertion whereby they are compelled to set down their experiences. These writers (there are many such now in favor in America) approach literature with the material of life rich and steaming in the hand and mouth, so that they are "big with child to speak," and their words have an humble and halting sound. Mrs. Woolf seems to have approached literature rather as one fascinated by its essential art qualities, drawn by its problems of form and progression. So that, one might say she approached life with the mechanism of literature to hand.

Mrs. Woolf's experimental novels have been much like essays about people she knew, or about herself. The restrictions of these things have been that like so much other modern work they have chiefly a fragmentary brilliance, they are full of fitful gleams which distort or interrupt our *correspondence* with the author. Her essays, on the other hand, seem to us much more exciting than fiction usually is; her speech has an ease and simplicity which permit a beautiful and complete expression of her temperament.

"There is no room for the impurities in an essay," Virginia Woolf herself says. "The essay must be pure, pure like water, like wine from dulness, deadness, and deposits of extraneous matter." The essays which compose "The Common Reader" have such a purity. Her words never flounder or wrestle with meanings. Her skill with the word leads her exactly and justly to the mark.

Literature, to her, is a physical experience, which she re-creates in her essays out of her cultured and sensuous memory. In the essay on "The Pastons and Chaucer," she reconstructs Chaucer's age, the people about him, their letters, their gardens, their domestic quarrels. It is one way of probing the spirit of a great dead poet, to make live again, vividly and briefly, the eating, carousing, and fine weather, the cocks and hens, millers, flowers, and peasants of the "Canterbury Tales." And after stirring up a truly Chaucerian atmosphere for an hour, Mrs. Woolf can epitomize the poet in a bold English sentence:

> And then as the procession takes its way, tranquilly, beautifully, out from behind peeps the face of Chaucer, grinning, malicious, in league with all foxes, donkeys, and hens, to mock the pomp and ceremonies of life—witty, intellectual, French, at the same time based upon a broad bottom of English humor.

The distinction must be made that these are essentially essays on literary subjects, gracefully conceived, and permitting the play of an extraordinary intuition or taste for values. They are not so much literary criticisms as little Virginia Woolf novels about Defoe, Chaucer, Sir Thomas Browne, and the others. Mrs. Woolf adheres constantly to the poetic method in her essays: that is, of illuminating ideas or meanings through metaphors or symbols. She will not define what Defoe is; she will reconstruct for you the legend of Defoe; she will comment aptly that the "tattered girls, at the corners, with violets in their hands," bring him to mind. Whereas the critic, properly, seeks to deal in the corrency of dogma, challenging or stimulating; he builds upon certitudes (*soit dit!*). To such criticism we come prepared for a mental skirmish; to Virginia Woolf's essays we come as if to attend the performance of a virtuoso.

For all her sensuous and sophisticated nature, Virginia Woolf does have a "message," and the message hinges somewhat upon this question of certitudes. In roving back to the more recent periods of English literature she considers James Joyce and his contemporaries in contrast with the older school of naturalists, Bennett, Wells, and Galsworthy, and comes admirably close to an explanation of her own literary program, which is approximately that of the "moderns."

The novels of Mr. Wells and Mr. Bennett and Mr. Galsworthy seem after great labor and ingenuity to "catch life an inch or two on the wrong side." We plod a little rebelliously through the two and thirty chapters, where the writer seems constrained by some unconscious conformity to provide comedy, tragedy, love, action, all at the proper moment and in the latest fashion.

> Life (she says) is very far from being "like this". Examine for a moment an ordinary mind on an ordinary day. The mind receives a myriad impressions—trivial, fantastic, evanescent, or engraved with the sharpness of steel. From all sides they come, an incessant shower of innumerable atoms; and as they fall they shape themselves into the life of Monday and Tuesday, the accent falls differently from of old; the moment of importance comes not here but there; so that if a writer . . . could base his work upon his own feeling and not upon convention, there would be no plot, no comedy, no love interest, or catastrophe in the accepted style. Life is not a series of big lamps symmetrically arranged; but a luminous halo, a semi-transparent envelope surrounding us from the beginning of consciousness to the end. It is not the task of the novelist to convey this varying, this unknown and circumscribed spirit, whatever aberration or complexity it may display, with as little mixture of the alien and external as possible.

It is somewhat in this wise, it is with such a shifting of emphasis that the younger writers, James Joyce, Virginia Woolf, attempt to come closer to life. In the matter of certitudes, Virginia Woolf's point of view approaches that of Bergson; she recognizes the stream of life as something composed of such a shower of atoms and flickerings of the brain, as something which cannot be reconciled with our national ideas of the world. The modern writer is to have the courage to say that what interests him is "that" and not "this." He swims in this current of immediate emotions and impulses, without beliefs and without faith.

What Mrs. Woolf guesses shrewdly enough is that "methods" change but little, the language is the same; the attitude changes. The modern point of interest lies very likely in "that": in the dark places of psychology. And at once, the accent becomes different, the outline of form is altered. While reverencing, like Mrs. Woolf, a great literary past, the modern in fiction feels strangely separated from it.

"Adorable Dreamer"

A HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD. By SIR CHARLES EDWARD MALLET. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1925. 2 vols. $15.

Reviewed by F. STRINGFELLOW BARR,
University of Virginia

HERE is one of those works which deserve, for better or worse, the adjective "monumental." Imagine it. The twelfth century origins of the mediæval university at Oxford. A vigorous picture of that university's early life: town and gown, the "nations" in the student-body, the growth of the Halls that led to that elaborate system of federated colleges within a university, which baffles the foreign observer. The friars. The early Colleges, whose individual growth is successively traced. The "mediæval university at work." The Schoolmen. The Reformation. Elizabethan and Jacobean times. The Great Rebellion. In short, a story of England in little, from the twelfth to the seventeenth centuries; and a promise of Volume III to bring the work through the nineteenth century. The reader who interests himself in English history, but is tired of "introductions" and "general" surveys, can hardly do better than follow that history from one point of view, that of a great English university. Whoever thrills to the pageantry of the past, whoever likes his history flavored with a "curious antiquitie," has found his book.

And yet even an Oxford man, to whom the very table of contents of this work is a page of beauty and power like a list of great battles—Balliol, Merton, Exeter, Oriel, New, Lincoln, All Souls, Magdalen—even an Oxford man to whom this history is family tradition and family gossip, saved by its very nature from triviality, a delight not shared by the unelect nor—maybe—shareable; even he may long for a history that will do—perhaps no more than this, but something different; explain how Oxford has met the problems of authority and freedom of thought which we in our universities must still meet today.

Sir Charles, of course, is not silent on this subject, but he deals with it chiefly by the way, by inference and allusion. His work bristles with illuminating statements. "It was for the service of the church and as the handmaid of religion that education had its chief value in mediæval days." To what extent was the university nevertheless a free community recognizing only this religious sovereignty?

For what did a college prepare? Were not the fourteenth century schoolmen, familiar butt of us modern scientific intellects, "mind-trainers" like ourselves? One learnt logic, and logic can be very dry, before entering on philosophy, somewhat as one learns the "subjects" in a college curriculum today to prepare for something not well defined. Yet the mediæval apprentice learned to make a shoe by helping a master make one, not by taking lessons in preparatory and often inapplicable drudgery. Lost ideal! Was it already lost, in the university, even in the Middle Ages? Can answers be found to these and a multitude of other questions not touched on by Sir Charles? Or has Oxford been not so much a manifestation of the intellect as an amusing and conservative social relic, strangely throwing off intellectual sparks? Maybe none of these things matter. Here are two delightful volumes about a university which others than her sons may know and love, a university that was here some time before we were and may, God willing, outlast several centuries yet.

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The Making of Mussolini

MY DIARY 1915-1917. By BENITO MUSSOLINI. Translated by RITA WELLMAN. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by C. M. BAKEWELL
Yale University

THIS is not an ordinary diary; it is far too objective for that,—rough notes jotted down in the trenches or in a "blockhouse" by the light of a sputtering candle, or wherever the writer happened to be, and, under all sorts of conditions, reporting the state of the weather, the incidents of battle, the friends who come and go, the behavior of the men in action—a sort of logbook of the 11th Bersaglieri in which Mussolini served as corporal from his enlistment in August, 1915, until the end of February, 1917, when he was so severely wounded that he was incapacitated for further service at the front. And all this time his regiment was in action on Italy's most bloody sector, on the Corso, and on the Alpine crags that overlook the upper Isonzo, where the loss in a little over two years was 700,000 dead and wounded.

The book is interesting and important because of its realism. It gives a picture of life at the front as it really was as viewed by a brave man of penetrating mind. The hardships and horrors of war are indeed in evidence on every page, but they are described with a restraint characteristic of the fatalism of the trenches, as if these things were all in a day's soldiering. But there are many other things that the writer discovers, and these are the things that give the book its special value, for they throw much light on the making of Mussolini, on the transformation of the recognized leader of the Italian socialists into the leader of the conservative forces. He discovers "in the heart of his fellow-soldiers the noble qualities of the Italian race." He is amazed and moved by the incredible stoicism of the wounded men, their "superb silence when the flesh is torn by ruthless steel." Here is a Mantaun—a typical case—with his arm half torn off by a shell, quietly walking to the hospital station, and addressing the doctor in charge: "Lieutenant, cut the rest off . . . and give me a little piece of bread." What a sturdy race it still is! And the war is proving a great melting pot. The love for one's own province alone is over. All districts of Italy were represented in his own regiment. But when the time came to go on leave, no one said "I am going back to my home town." It was always: "I am going back to Italy." In the consciousness of her sons Italy had come to stand for a living reality, a united nation. Mussolini becomes an ardent nationalist. A volume of Mazzini falls into his hands. As he reads, the words seem to him prophetic, and he copies this passage in his note-book:

> Leaders are needed; we lack the few who can lead the many; we lack men of great faith and of great unselfishness who will grasp the burning ideas of the people—who will at once understand their importance—who, inflamed with all the generous passions, will concentrate them into one alone, *that of victory*—who will take count of all the diffused elements, who will find the right word and the right command for all—who will look ahead and not backward—who will stand between the people and their problems with the resignation of men who are condemned to be victims of one or of the other; who will write upon their banners *succeed or perish*, and who will keep their promise.

The experience of eighteen months in the trenches had given him great faith in his countrymen, and a clear vision of Italy's destiny as a nation united and free, and now Mazzini has defined for him his own mission.

After the war was over, there came a succession of helpless incompetent governments, torn by dissensions and party strife, compromising with the enemy within, with the preachers of hate and destruction, until Italy seemed on the verge of ruin. But the savior was at hand. Mussolini organized the fasci, a league of good citizens, outside the law for the maintenance of law, for the defence of property rights and the furtherance of public welfare, a band something like the vigilantes of early California days, but on a national scale. Legions sprang up all over Italy. The eager and high-minded youth everywhere took the fascist oath, an oath of renunciation and service and of devotion to a high class idealism. A political movement took on the character of a religious crusade; it was not a new party or faction that had arisen, but the soul of a nation that had at last found expression, and Mussolini was its interpreter. Then came the "march on Rome" and the bloodless revolution that through the wisdom of the King, became merely a change in government. And Mussolini is still in power, and has become the outstanding figure in the political life of Europe, and all because of the lessons learned in the trenches. His government is strong because it rests on the severities, on discipline, work, economy, and thrift, because it ha brought peace and well-being at home and strengthened prestige abroad, but most of all because of the indomitable will and the strong personal magnetism of Mussolini himself, qualities which the pages of this diary unconsciously reveal. He is a sort of Italian Roosevelt, with a genius for friendship, and the ability to inspire in his followers absolute loyalty and devotion,—*il Duce amatissimo*, the man of many friends.

A Reign of Terror

THE ISLES OF FEAR. By KATHERINE MAYO. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by NORBERT LYONS.

STARTLING revelations of Philippine social and political conditions based on extended investigations on the ground are contained in this latest volume by the author of "Justice to All," "The Standard Bearers," and "That Damned Y."

I can recall no other book on the Philippines which would convey to the average lay reader such a vivid and true picture of the general *milieu* in which our most important colonial venture is being carried on. Miss Mayo is a trained investigator of national reputation, and it appears from her introductory chapter that she undertook this latest work of hers on her own individual initiative in a spirit of public service and with a scrupulous regard for fairness and impartiality. She took particular pains, she explains, to obtain all her facts from first-hand sources, accepting no favors of any kind, governmental or private, in her investigations, and choosing her own time and place for interviews and trips. The printed record of her probe makes a most interesting and illuminating volume.

Miss Mayo's choice of a title for this book was a stroke of genius. "The Isles of Fear!" To us long-time dwellers in that far-flung archipelago those four words epitomize an hitherto inarticulate but ever-present state of mind; for, if the truth is to be confessed, it is not only the twelve million brown and yellow souls in that tropical domain of ours that live in a constant state of terror before that Ibero-Asiatic human excresence, the Filipino cacique, or boss, but we white folks also, Americans and Europeans, have experienced that peculiar chronic sense of impending evil at the hands of the cunning, crafty, smiling half-caste bosses.

Miss Mayo's narrative strikes at the very heart and center of the Philippine problem: caciquism, or feudal terrorism, if you will, intrenched since time immemorial in the Filipino body social and politic, as the author shows. Only one other writer on the Philippines has ever gone to the root of the Philippine problem with similar courage and thoroughness. The late Dean C. Worcester, in his two-volume "The Philippines Past and Present," published in 1914, told the whole hideous story, but he lacked the literary gift for the dramatization of his material. His was a matter-of-fact, prosaic dissection of the Philippine organism as performed by the scholarly scientist. His instrument was the scalpel; and his report is a cold, scientific treatise replete with reference, foot-note, and diagram. Miss Mayo, on the other hand, has delved into her material with an artist's brush and has transmuted it into a series of striking pictures, aglow with color and athrob with life.

That such things as Miss Mayo relates actually have happened, and still are happening, under the American flag, will come as a shock and a surprise to many readers. Yet the record is specific and well authenticated. We learn, for example, that one of the leading native politicians, who "in America is courteously received and respectfully listened to," has been guilty of almost unbelievable moral derelictions during the early days of his public career, as proven by official records. We are given an inside view of the practical workings of the usury system by which whole countrysides are enslaved in body and soul to the conscienceless caciques. Most astounding instances of graft and neglect of public duty; of inhuman cruelty toward the mentally and bodily afflicted; of mediæval superstition; of disregard of the most elementary rules of sanitation; of corruption of the minor judiciary; and of deliberate perversion of the truth with the object of fostering anti-American feeling, are cited in detail. While many of these remarkable incidents, told with all the artistry of fiction, are isolated cases, they are nevertheless chosen with a true instinct for the universal, and admirably serve to bring out racial or class traits, atmosphere or environment. Nothing could be more illustrative of the mental processes of the average Filipino provincial official, for example, than the story of the infant in arms that was thrown into jail on the charge of arson because it had accidentally upset a lamp and thus set fire to a house.

Miss Mayo devotes considerable space to the wild tribes and Mohammedan population of the Archipelago, of whose mental and sentimental complexes she conveys a very authentic concept. She discovered, among other things, that the Moros have an almost American sense of humor, in which respect they differ markedly from the other peoples of the Islands.

While the book in the main concerns itself only with the purely human phases of the Philippine situation, it is not without historic value. It presents for the first time in print the context of a letter from Secretary of War Baker to Governor General Harrison warning Harrison against countenancing any diminution in the great powers lodged in the Governor General by the Jones Bill and against permitting the legislative branch of the government to encroach upon the purlieus of the executive branch. This document places Mr. Baker in an entirely new and favorable light, as far as the administration of Philippine affairs is concerned. Unfortunately, Mr. Harrison proceeded to honor his superior's instructions by immediately acting in diametrical opposition to them. Miss Mayo also for the first time tells the complete inside story of the break in friendly relations between General Wood and Manuel Quezon in 1923.

While the evidence in the book constitutes a severe indictment of the ruling cacique class, Miss Mayo pays high tribute to the few individuals, Filipinos and white men, who have stood with their heads above the pall of fear that covers the Islands and have made great sacrifice, even the supreme sacrifice, in the cause of truth and justice. On the roster of these hitherto unsung heroes of marching civilization, the names of General Leonard Wood, Deacon Prautch, Blas Ramos, Diego Tecson, and Alvarez stand out prominently.

"The Isles of Fear" is a sincere, straightforward, conscientious, and truthful exposition of the human factors in our Philippine problem. Its writer has rendered a courageous and needed public service, and in doing so has produced a literary work of no mean order.

Unorthodox Creeds

WHAT I BELIEVE. By BERTRAND RUSSELL. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $1.

THE RELIGION OF THIRTY GREAT THINKERS together with Miscellaneous Essays on Religious Subjects. By ALBERT GEHRING. Boston: Marshall Jones. 1925. $2.50.

THE WONDER OF LIFE. By JOEL BLAU. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by HENRY J. CADBURY
Harvard University

BERTRAND RUSSELL gives in a nutshell his philosophy for human good. In an earlier booklet called "Icarus" he had expressed his fears that men would use science for their harm; in this one he explains his hopes.

Towards religion the book's attitude is agnostic or hostile. Even God and immortality find, we are told, no support in science. Both concepts have their origin in fear and one of the objects of good life is to remove superstitious fears. Towards social custom also the book is iconoclastic, especially in the conventional standards of sex and their resultant evils. Professor Russell has a fling also at war, education, penology, individual salvation, and aristocracy as parts of an indefensible civilization. They are not merely uninspired by the good life, but are incompatible with it. They are often the expression of ignorance and malevolent cruelty.

Positively the good life is defined as one inspired by love and guided by knowledge. The value of knowledge is taken for granted, but Professor Russell is aware that knowledge alone will not redeem society. By love he means a combination of delight in contemplation and an active benevolence. Moralists ordinarily rely on preaching and bribery to se-

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cure reform; he would remove bad desires by removing their causes. He admits that human nature has a certain amount of malevolence. In so far as this malevolence is due to fear it can be removed by cultivating greater security or greater courage; in so far as it is due to envy it can be directed partly towards positive excellence. Towards this goal science can contribute greatly. Knowledge and benevolence are apparently capable of indefinite expansion. The question is whether or not men will take counsel of their fears and use their science to do harm.

In spite of his unorthodox views, which in some subjects like birth control he does not hesitate to rub in, there is a wholesome—an almost evangelical—note in this essay of Professor Russell. He could have used as his scripture texts, "Perfect love casteth out fear" and "The truth shall make you free." The logic of the book is, it need hardly be said, one of its strong merits. Some of the excursions into topics not on the main line, like the relation of man and nature, fact and value, life according to nature and unnatural innovations, are equally interesting.

* * *

Mr. Gehring's volume consists of two parts. In the first part the religious ideas of the leaders of thought, philosophers or men of letters, are summarized, in three or four pages each. The result is to show that they in the main rejected orthodox Christianity but accepted or emphasized belief in God and immortality. In the second part the author himself argues for much the same creed, for faith in the value of living, in God, and in an after life, and against the claims and errors of Christianity. His method is philosophical, but his style simple.

* * *

Rabbi Blau has presented in a series of fifty-two brief sermons a clear impression of his philosophy of life. It is a book of feeling rather than of argument, of human experiences, environment, passions, appreciative of life's wonder, beauty, mystery, pain. The subjects are varied and simple, the titles and texts are cleverly chosen. The spirit and style are uniform, fresh, epigrammatic, serious, and rugged. The book reflects the best type of liberal Jewish piety.

The Twilight of Ratzel

A GEOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION TO HISTORY. By LUCIEN FEBVRE. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $6.

Reviewed by HARRY ELMER BARNES
Smith College

THE first of these books is one of the early volumes in the great History of Civilization Series, the American edition of which is now appearing. This impressive set of volumes is a combination of a translation of the two great French series: "The Evolution of Humanity," edited by Henri Berr, and "The Universal History of Labor," edited by Georges Renard, with a large number of supplementary volumes added to the English version, which is edited by C. K. Ogden of Magdalene College, Cambridge. It is probably the most novel and important historical enterprise yet undertaken by man, and will run to something over two hundred substantial volumes if completed according to the present plan.

The volume under review was written by Professor Lucien Febvre of the University of Strasbourg. Professor Febvre is a disciple of the most distinguished of French geographers, Paul Vidal de la Blache, thus representing an attitude one stage further along in the development of human geography than the work of Ratzel, Semple, and others of that school. In fact, it occupies a position in theoretical human geography midway between the work of Ratzel and the most up-to-date interests and methodology in this field which characterize the books by Jean Brunhes and J. Russell Smith. While ostensibly a work on the various geographic factors which have conditioned the development of human culture and social institutions, the book is throughout chiefly a critical discussion of methods, principles, and problems, which in many places represents a very vigorous assault upon the tenets and methods of Ratzel and his associates.

Febvre shows that there has been from the first an intimate relation between history and geography, not only due to the influence of geographic factors on human culture, but also as a result of the fact that human geography was really founded not so much by physiographers as by historians from Ritter, through Michelet, Curtius, and Duruy, to Vidal de la Blache, himself, who started his professional career as an historian. Neither history nor geography can flourish in a dynamic or realistic sense if divorced from each other, because nature and man are ever acting and reacting upon each other:—

> Man is a geographical agent, and not the least. He everywhere contributes his share towards investing the physiognomy of the earth with those "changing expressions" which it is the "special charge" of geography to study. Through centuries and centuries, by his accumulated labor and the boldness and decision of his undertakings, he appears to us as one of the most powerful agents in the modification of terrestrial surfaces. There is no power which he does not utilize and direct at will; there is no country which does not bear the marks of his intervention. . . .
>
> To act on his environment, man does not place himself outside it. He does not escape its hold at the precise moment when he attempts to exercise his own. And conversely the nature which acts on man, the nature which intervenes to modify the existence of human societies, is not a virgin nature, independent of all human contact; it is a nature already profoundly impregnated and modified by man. There is perpetual action and reaction. The formula "the mutual relation of society to environment" holds equally good for the two supposed distinct cases. For in these relations, man both borrows and gives back, whilst the environment gives and receives.

In his treatment of methodology Febvre opposes the conceptions of Vidal de la Blache as to the futility of large scale generalizations and impressive theoretical systems, the desirability of concentration upon the study of specific geographical regions, and the rejection of geographical determinism to the views of Ratzel, Miss Semple, and others, whose writings, he contends, represent in their most extreme form these very fallacies of method and attitude which Febvre desires to combat. In many ways Febvre's assaults upon the systematizers in anthropogeography is similar in attitude and methodology to the attack of Boas and his disciples upon the systematizers of the classical school of anthropology, such as Morgan, Spencer, Letourneau, Frazer, and others of this group.

Febvre rejects totally and repeatedly the hypothesis of geographical determinism. He accepts the views of the cultural anthropologists and historians to the effect that culture is the dynamic factor in the history of society and institutions, and holds that nature presents to man in any environment a large number of possible modes and types of potential exploitation. The inhabitants will select from these possibilities certain specific ways of reacting to nature according to the particular folkways and traditions of the group. Not only is there no strict geographic determination of culture; the effects of the environment are for the most part very complicated and primarily indirect. The simplicity and directness of the environmental influences as assumed by the older anthropogeographers must be repudiated as an illusion associated with the ignorance or exuberance inseparable from the origins of a science. Febvre would even reject all generalized theory of geographical influences as a handicap to the progress of human geography:—

> We can never repeat too often that the object of geography is not to go hunting for "influences," such as that of Nature on Man, or of the Soil on History. These are dreams. Such words in capital letters have nothing to do with serious work. And the word "influences" is not to be found in the scientific dictionary: it is an astrological term. Let us then leave "influences" once for all to the astrologers and other "charlatans," as good old Bodin would say—Bodin who was steeped in them himself. . . .

In the place of the older technique of generalization and comparison we must have concentration upon the study of particular geographic regions, in which both the geographic facts and their operation upon man will be thoroughly investigated. The real problem is to discover the *relations* between man and his environment in every geographic region the world over.

As a whole this book is probably the most thoroughgoing critique of the Ratzel stage of anthropogeography, and the most adequate invitation to soul-seaching on the part of anthropogeographers which has yet been produced. It is a more thorough piece of work on this subject than has been brought out by any of the cultural anthropologists or historians. The chief criticism of it is the worshipful discipleship and Gallicanism which exudes from nearly every page. Vidal de la Blache was a great geographer, and regional geography seems to hold the promise of the future in this field of work, but Ferdinand von Richthofen was certainly the equal of Vidal, and the Germans have done much more in the field of regional geography than the French, when their work outside of Europe is considered.

An Omnibus Philosophy

EXPERIENCE AND NATURE. By JOHN DEWEY. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co. 1925.

Reviewed by RALPH BARTON PERRY
Harvard University

THIS volume contains the first lectures delivered before the American Philosophical Association on the Paul Carus Foundation, which was inaugurated in 1923 to perpetuate the memory of the former editor of the *Monist* and *Open Court*, who died in 1919. Dr. Carus did much to stimulate philosophy in America, and to broaden its outlook, through establishing international contacts and through emphasizing the relations of philosophy with science and religion. The Foundation will encourage American philosophers to mature and formulate their views, and will provide a reward for distinguished effort. It is appropriate that the first volume in his projected views should have been written by America's most eminent living philosopher.

Those who have read Professor Dewey's many books and articles with admiring bewilderment will be glad to find in "Experience and Nature" a summary restatement of his views. This does not mean, however, that they will find any simple picture of the universe or any hand formula, for Professor Dewey's philosophy does not permit of any such thing. It is essentially an omnibus and carry-all philosophy, which is distinguished by promiscuity rather than by sympathetic unity or transforming insight. Indeed the very task of philosophy, according to the author's first and more fundamental view of it, is to undo such unities and disclaim such insights in the name of "experience."

Philosophy's first duty is to be "empirical," which means to adopt the method of "denotation," or of "pointing, finding, showing," in which things are taken as they are lived; as when one *is* "angry, stupid, wise, inquiring," or *has* "sugar, the light of day, money, houses and lands, friends, laws, masters, subjects, pain and joy." Empiricism in this sense is a sort of artful innocence or sophisticated *naivité*, which restores the concreteness and indescribableness of all the miscellany of existence. When experience is thus construed as the sum of all the activities and passivities individual and social, of which man is capable, together with the objects which are implicated in them, it then appears that knowledge is only *one kind* of experience, with a peculiar bias and object of its own; so that it is the cardinal sin of past philosophies to have judged *all* reality by *known* objects. Experienced reality in the liberal, all-inclusive sense has certain universal characters, or a "least common denominator," which includes its temporality and change, its "double-barrelled" union of the subjective and the objective, and its practical relationships. Apparently it is the business of empirical philosophy to report these characters, as Professor Dewey does.

But the most notable feature of the world revealed by experience is its "mixture of the regular and dependable and the unsettled and uncertain." Here is where *reflective* knowledge comes in. The world is essentially problematic, always unsatisfactory as it stands, and hence always provoking thought and inciting to reconstruction. So viewed experience has values, and philosophy is "criticism" which, by extending and deepening the "factors of intelligence" which they already contain, makes these values more "real," "free," "enduring," "clear," "congruous," "rich," and "fecund." Beliefs themselves are values in the same sense and undergo the same sort of perpetual rectification.

* * *

Thus we get a double philosophy and a double world. Empirically, the world is all that is unsatisfactory and all that is satisfactory,—the discarded and preferred, and the transition between them; critically, the world is as judged in that latest and ripest judgment which for the moment renders it relatively satisfactory. But this double philosophy is attended with a double difficulty. Empirically, one man's world is as good as another's, and all of their relativities, paradoxes, contradictions, and complicating claims stand unrelieved. Critically, the world is perpetually being reconstituted from its beginning, since beliefs regarding the past are as unstable and unsatisfactory as any other beliefs or values. Finally even though the

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world should conceivably submit to such razing and rebuilding, there is much doubt as to what it is all for. The terms of praise ("free," "enduring," "congruous," etc.) which the author bestows on values define no definite criterion of progress, except in so far as these terms are taken to signify the "discovery of relationships, of conditions and consequences," or—"something unique in the value or goodness of reflection." What does this mean if not that there is an advance of science or of knowledge in its own terms, which is independent of the service which it renders to life?

While the present volume does not mitigate these characteristic difficulties of Professor Dewey's philosophy, it has distinction of style and a certain eloquence and persuasiveness. It has the obscurity of discourse which is both abstract and literary, having neither schematic precision nor concrete vividness; but how the author's peculiar philosophy could be more skilfully and more aptly insinuated into the reader's mind is difficult to conceive.

What Is "A Story"?

(*Continued from page* 869)

reason. His interest is in presenting his chosen character or characters in every possible illuminative aspect. So, to return to our turtle-mouthed friend, what he really objects to is a mere concoction of incident intended to prove some pet thesis of the writer's,—or else he objects to the presentation of life itself and would rather scavenge the "remains" of life in the newspapers.

Great art almost inevitably leaves with the reader the feeling "*Tout comprendre est tout pardonner*," a feeling rarely enough instilled either by concocted fiction or by journalism. And it is not a conclusion extraneous to the material but simply one borne in upon the consciousness by the unfolding of the life or lives presented. This spiritual "atmospheric condition" is not necessarily, it is true, a characteristic of *all* great art, but it is as certainly an attribute of the greatest.

Rules of the Conrad Contest

1. Five cash prizes will be paid by *The Saturday Review of Literature,* as follows:

First Prize	$500
Second Prize	250
Third Prize	50
Fourth Prize	50
Fifth Prize	25

Fifty prizes consisting each of any one volume of the limp leather edition of Conrad's works which the winners may choose.

2. Beginning in the June 27th issue and continuing until September *The Saturday Review* will publish serially Joseph Conrad's last, unfinished novel, "Suspense." For the best essays on the probable ending of "Suspense" *The Saturday Review* offers $1,000.00 in prizes as specified in Rule No. 1.

3. Do not submit any essays until after the last instalment has appeared in September. At the conclusion of the contest all manuscripts should be sent to *The Saturday Review* Contest Editor, 236 East 39th Stret, New York, N. Y. Your full name and complete address must appear on the manuscript.

4. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to or purchaser of *The Saturday Review* in order to enter the contest. Copies of *The Saturday Review* may be examined at the Public Libraries. The contest is open to anyone except employees of the paper. Reviewers and contributors to the pages of the *Review* are eligible for all except the second prize, which is open only to non-professional writers.

5. The essays should be about 500 words in length, although they may run to 2,000 words.

Decision as to the merits of the essays will be made not only on the basis of the plausibility of the suggested ending, but also its plausibility as the ending of a characteristic Conrad novel. In awarding the prizes the literary quality of the essay will be taken into consideration as well as the ingenuity of the solution.

It must be clearly understood that the article submitted cannot be an actual conclusion to "Suspense," but must take the form of a discussion of what that conclusion might have been. Mrs. Conrad has emphatically refused to permit the publication of any end to the novel.

6. The judges will be Captain David W. Bone, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Professor William Lyon Phelps. Their decision will be final.

7. The contest will close on October 1, 1925. Manuscript must be in the office of *The Saturday Review* before midnight of that date.

The BOWLING GREEN

Thoughtmarks

IT is dangerous to fix undue affection on any antique landmark in New York; when you have learned to love and understand it, suddenly it disappears. Henceforward I shall have to specialize more in thoughtmarks. The other day I went to show a man that old courtyard that opened off an alley in Ann Street. There was a dark smithy there, and a round brick building which (I've been told) was the original Astor fur-warehouse. The fur cap that old Johnjake was wearing when Walt Whitman saw him probably came from there. This little *cul de sac* was much esteemed by the Three Hours for Lunch Club; occasionally, in its rambles, the Visionary Committee of the club would prowl in there and concoct schemes for founding the Ann Street Country Club. The old raftered cellar, with its open hearths and dark corners, would make the pleasantest chophouse in New York, and very unlike our many Olde English chopping houses where visiting Englishmen feel themselves so hilariously ill at ease. Upstairs would be bedrooms, the quietest in the city, for Ann Street is all darkness and dream by dinner time; the cobbled yard would be sodded for a small bowling green; it would have been the last and loveliest shred of ancient Manhattan. But going there for another look, nothing remains but a quarry of rubbled brick and stacked timbers. It is an ill thing to postpone one's dreams.

* * *

Well, I was making a little mental memorandum of the places in New York that I specially wanted to show a British visitor. There wasn't time to reconnoiter more than a few of them, because the legendary American hustle is sheer torpor compared with the agile haste of the Briton when he gets over here. Even if you do catch him for a few hours' leisurely sightseeing, he will be dodging into telephone booths every half hour to explain to someone why he will be late for the next appointment. But, for the benefit of other prowlers, I will tell you what I wanted him to see. First of all I intended him to lunch in the little unpublicitied chop house on Golden Hill (John Street) which (whatever Boston may demur) is I believe just about the place where the first rumpus occurred in the Revolution. We weren't going to eat a very heavy lunch, though, because afterward I was planning to rush him up to Morningside to have a stack of buckwheat cakes in some restaurant as near as possible to Barnard College. This because I have always been told that Barnard is built on the site of a buckwheat field where the Battle of Harlem Heights was conducted. It was a successful "attack on the flank," the history books say; and so are buckwheat cakes. After this we would go along Riverside Drive and I would point out the curious adjacent contrast of the two most noticeable tombs in New York—those of General Grant and of the Amiable Child. Then, from the depth of Morningside Park, beside the delightful statue of the bear and the faun, we would look up at Gutzon Borglum's angel on the roof of the cathedral.

* * *

This suggests another upward gaze I'm fond of; we would hasten downtown again to Vesey Street, and ascending to the balcony on the tenth floor of the well-loved *Evening Post* building we'd admire Mrs. Batchelder's golden triumph on the roof of the Telephone Company. There has always been some argument as to the exactly correct name of this statue: I have heard it stated as "The Spirit of Electricity;" but I believe it symbolizes the gallant exultation of the human mind on having put in its nickel and got the right number. In St. Paul's church, below, I would call my Briton's attention to George Washington's prayer for the American people: that they should "cultivate a spirit of subordination." He would reply, in fact did, that if they had done so there wouldn't have been any United States.

I should have taken him, but forgot while we were uptown, to the Schuyler Arms apartment house on 98th Street; I love it because I lived there for a while and also because (according to Mr. Fremont Rider's "New York City") it is just about there that the Woodman spared That Tree and touched not a single bough. Instead, we would go to Schulte's: the bookstore, not the tobacconist, in that stretch of Fourth Avenue among so many other delightful bookshops. We would go to Schulte's because (I will make a confession) although Roger Mifflin's Haunted Bookshop was supposed to be in Brooklyn, its author actually was thinking of the darkling and savory piled-up alcoves of Schulte's. Mr. Mifflin's place was really a sort of morganatic offspring of an uncanonized union of Schulte's on Fourth Avenue and Niel Morrow Ladd's in Brooklyn.

* * *

People who are coming to New York sometimes write to ask (and by the way, Anatole France wasn't the first writer to keep his unanswered letters in the bath-tub; De Quincey used to do the same thing) where is the real bohemia. They are growing suspicious of the somewhat determined bohemianism of Greenwich Village or of Longacre. Of course every generation, every profession, has its own bohemia; bohemia is wherever you happen to be having a good time; but the place that comes nearest to my notion of what that mythical coast should look like is the old saloon on Seventh Street near the Cooper Union. It was John Sloan's drawing of it, in *Harpers' Weekly* (in October 1913) and an article by Hutchins Hapgood, that first sent me there; it is a fine old Tammany-flavored sanctum, with Niblo's Garden playbills and that genteel air of literature and politics and sentiment that belongs to an honest saloon. I suppose the youngest generation doesn't know it at all; it is the house's pride that no woman has ever been admitted, probably it is the last place in New York where the bartender would be thoroughly scandalized if a female appeared. Bill McSorley, succeeding his father, has been behind that bar for fifty years next June, and the house still obeys the law as it always has. A mug of one-half of one per cent at McSorley's tastes better than chemical Scotch in the surreptitious dens of the Forties.

I suppose that nowadays no enterprise can be successful without admitting the ladies. There must be some profound reason, for example, for the carvings of Aphrodite over the Cunard, White Star, and French Line piers on the North River. And when McSorley's familiar signboard—"*The Old House at Home*"—fell down a few months ago, perhaps that was an omen of future change. But even if Bill someday turns it into an eating-place, and admits ladies, let us have, complete down to the yellowest playbill, the authentic sliced onion, and the painting of Moonlight on the Wabash, our loved McSorley's, last toll-gate on the Bohemian frontier.

* * *

The last item on my brief memo was to show the visitor Barry Faulkner's murals in the lobby of the Washington Irving High School. Among them is a lovely map of Long Island, the pleasantest conspectus of that region (I wish it might be reproduced on a colored postcard for the use of Paumanokers) and this suggested a final foray for the touring Briton. He is a Whitman enthusiast, and had been rather depressed by Walt's house in Camden which is surrounded by a dingy soot-blown slum. So it seemed agreeable, in the long sunset of a transparent June evening, after a skirmish out to Lloyd's Neck where that fine old colonial mansion stands in a blue tissue of shadows above the salty lagoon, to run Dean Swift through the forests of West Hills to Walt's birthplace. The little ochre cottage—"pumpkin-colored," the visitor insisted—was surrounded by a wide freshness and a soft supper-time pause. Alongside a main road, and with a realtor's development (called "Dreamland") near by, and a ganglion of hot doggeries on the pike a few rods distant, it won't preserve much longer its magical feeling of solitary blessing. But it does still put one's sentiments about Walt into a gracious perspective. "And see," we exclaimed, for we wanted our friend to know that America respects its authors, "there's another American writer celebrated just across the road." We pointed to a large brilliant billboard that faces the Whitman cottage. "Surely that isn't how he spelled it," protested our guest.

The sign says "*Oh Henry!*"

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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SUSPENSE

A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL By Joseph Conrad

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Cosmo Latham, a young Englishman of wealth on a tour of Europe, in his rambles about Genoa yields to impulse and follows a seafaring man to a tower overlooking the harbor of Genoa where an Alban ship rides at anchor. Before he leaves his uncouth and mysterious companion he has become aware that the man is engaged in secret intercourse with Elba, where Napoleon is in exile. The scene then shifts to England, and to the home of Cosmo's father in which some years previously shelter had been given to a family of French refugees. It is to visit this family, now resident in Italy, that the son has come to Genoa.

II

AFTER the peace of Amiens the Compte d'Artois, the representative of the exiled dynasty in England, having expressed the desire to have the Marquis always by his side, the Marquise and Adèle left Latham Hall for the poverty and the makeshifts of the life of well-nigh penniless exiles in London. It was as great a proof of devotion to his royal cause as any that could be given. They settled down in a grimy house of yellow brick in four rooms up a very narrow and steep staircase. For attendants they had a dark mulatto maid, brought as a child from the West Indies before the Revolution by an aunt of the Marquise, and a man of rather nondescript nationality called Bernard, who had been at one time a hanger-on in the country house of the D'Armands, but following the family in its flight and its wanderings before they had found refuge in England, had displayed unexpected talents as a general factotum. Life at Latham Hall had bored him exceedingly. The sense of complete security was almost too much for his patience. The regularity of the hours and the certitude of abundant meals depressed his spirits at times. The change to London revived him greatly, for there he had something to do and found daily occasion to display his varied gifts. He went marketing in the early morning, dusted the room he called the salon, cooked the meals, inspired and made happy by the large white smile of Mlle. Aglae, the Negress, with whom he was very much in love. At twelve o'clock, after tidying himself a bit, he would go in on the tips of his heavy square shoes and carry the Marquise from her room to the sofa in the salon with elaborate sureness and infinite respect, while Aglae followed with pillow, shawl, and smelling bottle, wearing a forced air of gravity. Bernard was acutely aware of her presence and would be certain—the Marquise once settled on her sofa—to get a flash of a white grin all to himself. Later Mlle. Adèle, white and fair, would go out visiting, followed by Aglae as closely as night follows day; and Bernard would watch them down the depths of the staircase in the hope of catching a sight of a quickly upturned dark brown face with fine rolling eyes. This would leave him happy for the rest of the afternoon. In the evening his function was to announce visitors who had toiled up the stairs: some of the first names in France that had come trudging on foot through the mud or dust of the squalid streets to fill the dimly lighted room which was the salon of the Marquise d'Armand. For those duties Bernard would put on a pair of white stockings, which Miss Aglae washed for him every second day, and encase his wide shoulders in a very tight green shabby jacket with large metal buttons. Miss Aglae always found a minute or two to give him a hasty inspection and a brush-down. Those were delightful instants. Holding his breath and in a state of rigid beatitude he turned about as ordered in gay whispers by his exotic lady-love. Later he would sit on a stool outside the closed door listening to the well-bred soft uproar of conversation; and when the guests began to depart he lighted them downstairs, holding a tallow dip in a small candlestick over the banister of the landing. When his duties for the day were over he made up for himself a bed on the floor of a narrow passage which separated the living rooms from a sort of large cupboard in which Miss Aglae reposed from her daily labours. Bernard, lying under a pair of thin blankets and with the tallow candle burning on the floor, kept slumber off till Miss Aglae stuck out her head tied up in an old red foulard—nothing but her head through the crack of the door—in order to have a little whispered conversation. That was the time when the servants exchanged their views and communicated to each other their ideas and observations. The black maid's were shrewder than the white factotum's. Being a personal attendant of the two ladies she had occasion to see and hear more than her admirer. They commented on the evident decline of the Marquise's health, not dolefully but simply as a significant fact of the situation; on the Marquis's manner of daily life which had become domestic and almost sedentary. He went out every day but now he never went away for weeks and months as he used to before. Those sudden and mysterious missions for which a misanthropic Yorkshire baronet had paid out of his own pocket had come to an end. A Marquis d'Armand could not be sent out as a common spy and there was now no court in Christendom that would care to receive an emissary, secret or open, of the royal exiles. Bernard, who could read, explained these things shortly to Miss Aglae. All great folk were terrified at that Bonaparte. He made all the generals tremble. On those facts Miss Aglae would have it that he must be a sorcerer. Bernard had another view of Napoleonic greatness. It was nothing but the power of lies. And on one occasion after a slight hesitation he burst out: "Shall I tell you the truth about him, Miss Aglae?" The tied-up black head protruding through the crack of the door nodded assent many times in the dim light of the tallow dip. "Well then," continued Bernard with another desperate effort, "he is of no account."

Miss Aglae repressed with difficulty the loud burst of laughter which was the usual expression of her unsophisticated emotions. She had heard ladies and gentlemen in the salon express a very similar opinion of Bonaparte, but she thought suddenly of Miss Adèle and emitted a sigh.

"He seems to get him paw on the whole world, anyhow. What sort of a fellow is he, Bernard? You have seen him."

Bernard had seen the fellow. He assured Miss Aglae that he was a miserable shrimp of a man in big boots and with lank hair hanging down his yellow cheeks. "I could break him in two like a straw if I could only get him into my hands."

Believing it implicitly, the black maid suggested that Bernard should go and do it.

"I would go at once," said the faithful follower. "But if I went I would never see you again. He has always a hundred thousand men around him."

AT this Miss Aglae, who had begun to smile, ended with a sigh of such a deeply sorrowful nature that Bernard assured her that the time would come, yes, some day the time would come when everybody would get back his own. Aglae was ready to believe this prophecy. But meantime there was Miss Adèle. That sweet child was now ready to get married, but everybody was so very poor. Bernard put on a sentimental expression in the dim light of the tallow dip, the flame of which swayed by the side of his straw mattress and made the shadow of his head, protected by a nightcap, dance too, high up the wall of the drafty passage. Timidly he muttered of love. That would get over all the difficulties.

"You very stupid man, Mr. Bernard. Love! What sort of trash you talk? Love don't buy fish for dinner." Then with sudden anxiety she inquired: "Have you got money for marketing tomorrow?" Bernard had the money. Not much, but he had the money. "Then you go out early and buy fish for dinner. This Madame la Marquise orders. Easier than killing an emperor," she continued sarcastically. "And take care fat woman in Billingsgate don't cheat you too much," she added with dignity before drawing her head in and shutting the door of her dark cupboard.

A month later, sitting upon his straw bed and with his eyes fixed on the door of Miss Aglae's cupboard, Bernard had just begun to think that he had done something to offend, and that he would be deprived of his whispered midnight chat, when the door opened, the head of the girl appeared in its usual position. It drooped. Its white eyeballs glistened full of tears. It said nothing for a long time. Bernard was extremely alarmed. He wanted to know in an anxious whisper what was wrong. The maid let him cudgel his brains for a whole minute before she made the statement that oh! she did not like the looks of a certain gentleman visitor in a "too-much-laced coat."

Bernard, relieved but uncomprehending, snatched the candlestick off the floor and raised it to the protruded head of the maid.

"What is there to cry about?" he asked. The tears glistening on the dusky cheek astonished him beyond measure; and as an African face lends itself to the expression of sorrow more than any other type of human countenance, he was profoundly moved, and without knowing the cause, by mere sympathy felt ready to cry himself.

"You don't see! You don't understand anything, Bernard. You stand there at the door like a stick. What is the use of you I can't tell."

Bernard would have felt the injustice to be unbearable if he had not had a strong sense of his own merits. Moreover, it was obvious that Aglae was thoroughly upset. As to the man in the too-much-laced coat, Bernard remembered that he was dressed very splendidly indeed. He had called first in company of a very fine English gentleman, a friend of the family, and he had repeated the call always with that same friend. It was a fact he had never called by himself yet. The family had dined with him only the day before, as Bernard knew very well because he had had to call the hackney coach and had given the address, not to mention the confidential task of carrying the Marquise down the stairs and then up again on their return from that entertainment. There could be nothing wrong with a man with whom the family dined. And the Marquise herself too, she who, so to speak, never went out anywhere!

"What has he done?" he asked without marked excitement. "I have never seen you so distressed, Miss Aglae."

"Me upset? I should think me upset. I fear him wants carry off Mlle. Adèle—poor child."

This staggered the faithful Bernard. "I should like him to try," he said pugnaciously. "I keep a cudgel there in this passage." A scornful exclamation from the maid made him pause. "Oh!" he said in a changed tone, "carry her off for a wife? Well, what's wrong in that?"

"Oh! you silly!" whimpered Aglae. "Can't you see him twice, twice and a half, the age of Miss Adèle?"

Bernard remained silent a minute. "Fine-looking man," he remarked at last. "Do you know anything else about him?"

"Him got plenty of money," sobbed out Aglae.

"I suppose the parents will have something to say about that," said Bernard, after a short meditation. "And if Mlle. Adèle herself . . . "

But Aglae wailed under her breath, as it were. "It's done, Bernard, it's done!"

Bernard, fascinated, stared upwards at the maid. A mental reference to abundance of money for marketing flashed through his mind.

"I suppose Mlle. Adèle can love a man like that. Why not?"

"Him got very fine clothes certainly," hissed Aglae furiously. Then she broke down and became full of desolation. "Oh, Bernard, them poor people, you should have seen their faces this morning when I served the breakfast. I feel as if I must make a big howl while I give plate to M. le Marquis. I hardly dare to look at anybody."

"And Mademoiselle?" asked Bernard in an anxious whisper.

"I don't like to look at her either," went on Aglae in a tone of anguish. "She got quite a flush on her face. She think it very great and fine, make everybody rich. I ready to die with sorrow, Bernard. She don't know. She too young. Why don't you cry with me?—you great stupid man."

III

THE marriage, the prospect of which failed to commend itself to the coloured maid, took place in due course. The contract which expressed the business side of that alliance was graced by the signature of a Prince of the blood and by two other signatures of a most aristocratic complexion. The French colony in London refrained

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from audible comments. The gracious behaviour of H. R. H. the Duc de Berry to the bridegroom killed all criticism in the very highest circles of the emigration. In less exalted circles there were slight shrugs and meaning glances, but very little else besides, except now and then a veiled sarcasm which could be ascribed to envy as much as to any other sentiment. Amongst the daughters of the emigration there must have been more than one who in her heart of hearts thougt Adèle d'Armand a very lucky girl. The splendour of the entertainments which were given to the London society by the newly wedded couple after their return from the honeymoon put it beyond all doubt that the man whom Aglae described as wearing a "too-much-laced coat" was very rich. It began also to be whispered that he was a man of fantastic humours and of eccentric whims of the sort that do not pass current in the best society; especially in the case of a man whose rank was dubious and whose wealth was but recently acquired. But the embittered and irreconcilable remnant of the exiled aristocracy gave but little of its sympathy to Adèle d'Armand. She ought to have waited till the King was restored, and either married suitably—or else entered a convent for ladies of rank. For these too would soon be restored.

The Marquis, before the engagement of his daughter had become public, had written to his friend Sir Charles of the impending marriage in carefully selected terms which demanded nothing but a few words of formal congratulation. Of his son-in-law he mentioned little more than the name. It was, he said, that of a long-impoverished Piedmontese family with good French connections formed in the days before it had fallen into comparative obscurity but, the Marquis insisted, fully recognized by the parties concerned. It was the family De Montevesso. The world had heard nothing of it for more than a century, the Marquis admitted parenthetically. His daughter's intended husband's name was Helion—Count Helion de Montevesso. The title had been given to him by the King of Sardinia just before that unfortunate monarch was driven out of his dominions by the armies of republican France. It was the reward of services rendered at a critical time and none the less meritorious because, the Marquis admitted, they were of a financial nature. Count Helion, who went away very young from his native country and wandered in many lands, had amassed a large personal fortune, the Marquis went on to say, which luckily was invested in a manner that made it safe from political revolutions and social disasters overwhelming both France and Italy. That fortune, as a matter of fact, had not been made in Europe, but somewhere beyond the seas. The Marquis's letter reached Latham Hall in the evening of an autumn day.

THE very young Miss Latham, seated before an embroidery frame, watched across the drawing room her father reading the letter under the glare of the reflector lamp and at the feet, as it were, of the Latham in the yellow satin coat. Sir Charles raised his eyebrows, which with passing years had become bushy and spoiled a little the expression of his handsome face. Miss Latham was made very anxious by his play of physiognomy. She had already been told after the first rustle of unfolded paper that her big friend Adèle d'Armand (Miss Latham was four years younger) was going to be married, and had become suddenly, but inwardly, excited. Every moment she expected her father to tell her something more. She was dying from impatience; but there was nothing further except the rustle of paper —and now this movement of the eyebrows. Then Sir Charles lowered his hands slowly. She could contain herself no longer.

"Who is it, Papa?" she asked with animation.

Henrietta Latham was fifteen then. Her dark eyes had remained as large as ever. The purity of her complexion, which was not of the milk-white kind, was admirable and the rich shade of the brown curls clustering on each side of her faintly glowing cheeks made a rich and harmonious combination. Sir Charles gazed at his daughter's loveliness with an air of shocked abstraction. But he too could not contain himself. He departed from his stateliness so far as to growl out scathingly:

"An upstart of some kind."

Miss Latham was, for all her lively manner, not given to outward manifestations of emotions. This intelligence was too shocking for a gasp or an exclamation. She only flushed slowly to the roots of her pretty hair. An upstart simply meant to her everything that was bad in the way of a human being, but the scathing tone of Sir Charles's outburst also augmented her profound emotion, for it seemed to extend to Adèle d'Armand herself. It shocked her tender loyalty towards the French girl, which had been diminished by a separation of more than three years. She said quietly:

"Adèle . . . Impossible!"

The flush ebbed out of her pretty cheeks and left them pale, with the eyes darker than Sir Charles had ever seen them before. Those evidences of his daughter's emotion recalled Sir Charles to himself. After looking at his daughter fixedly for a moment he murmured the word "impossible" without any particular accent and again raised the letter to his eyes.

HE did not find in it anything to modify his first impression of the man whom Adèle d'Armand was about to marry. Once more in his vaguely explanatory message the Marquis alluded to the wealth of his prospective son-in-law. It gave him a standing in the best society which his personal merits could not perhaps have secured for him so completely. Then the Marquis required many comforts, constant care, and cheerful surroundings. He had been enabled to leave the disagreeable lodgings in a squalid street for a little house in Chiswick very near London. He complained to his old friend that the uncompromising royalists reproached him bitterly for having signed a three-years' lease. It seemed to them an abominable apostasy from the faith in a triumphal return of the old order of things in a month or two. "I have caused quite a scandal by acting in this sensible manner," he wrote. "I am very much abused, but I have no doubt that even those who judge me most severely will be glad enough to come to Adèle's wedding."

Then, as if unable to resist the need to open his heart, he began the next line with the words:

"I need not tell you that all this is my daughter's own doing. The demand for her hand was made to us regularly through Lord G., who is a good friend of mine, though he belongs to the faction of Mr. Fox in which the Count of Montevesso numbers most of his English friends. But directly we had imparted the proposal of Adèle she took a step you may think incredible, and which from a certain point of view might even be called undutiful, if such a word could ever be applied to the sweet and devoted child our Adèle has always been to us. At her personal request, made without consulting either her mother or myself, Lord G. had the weakness to arrange a meeting between her and the Count at his own house. What those two could have said to each other I really cannot imagine. When we heard it, the matter was so far settled that there was nothing left for us but to accept the inevitable . . . "

Again Sir Charles let his big white aristocratic hands descend to his knees. His daughter's dark head drooped over the frame, and he had a vision of another head, very different and very fair, by its side. It had been a part of his retired life and had had a large share of his affection. How large it was he discovered only now at this moment, when he felt that it was in a sense lost to him for ever. "Inevitable," he muttered to himself with a half-scornful, half-pained intonation. Sir Charles could understand the sufferings, the difficulties, the humiliations of poverty. But the Marquis might have known that, far or near, he could have counted on the assistance of his friend. For some years past he had never hesitated to dip into his purse. But that was for those mysterious journeys and those secret and important missions his Princes had never hesitated to entrust him with without ever troubling their heads about the means. Such was the nature of Princes, Sir Charles reflected with complete bitterness. And now came this . . . A whole young life thrown away perhaps, in its innocence, in its ignorance. . . . How old could Adèle be now? Eighteen or nineteen. Not so very much younger that her mother was when he used to see so much of her in Paris and Versailles, when she had managed to put such an impress on his heart that later he did not care whom he married or where he lived. . . . Inevitable! . . . Sir Charles could not be angry with the Marquise, now a mere languid shadow of that invincible charm that his heart had not been able to resist. She and her husband must have given up all their hopes, all their loyal royalist hopes before they could bow like this to the Inevitable. It had not been difficult for him to learn to love that fascinating French child as though she had been another daughter of his own. For a moment he experienced an anguish so acute that it made him move slightly in his chair. Half aloud he muttered the thought that came into his mind:

"Austerlitz has done it."

Miss Latham raised her lustrous dark eyes with an enquiring expression and murmured, "Papa?"

Sir Charles got up and seized his stick. "Nothing, my dear, nothing." He wanted to be alone. But on going out of the room he stopped by the embroidery frame and, bending down, kissed the forehead of his daughter—his English daughter. No issue of a great battle could affect her future. As to the other girl, she was lost to him and it couldn't be helped. A battle had destroyed the fairness of her life. This was the disadvantage of having been born French or indeed belonging to any other nation of the continent. There were forces there that pushed people to rash or unseemly actions; actions that seemed dictated by despair and therefore wore an immoral aspect. Sir Charles understood Adèle d'Armand even better than he understood his own daughter, or at least he understood her with greater sympathy. She had a generous nature. She was too young, too inexperienced to know what she was doing when she took in hand the disposal of her own person in favour of that apparently Piedmontese upstart with his obscure name and his mysteriously acquired fortune. "I only hope the fortune is there," thought Sir Charles with grim scepticism. But as to that there could be no doubt, judging from the further letters he received from his old friend. After a short but brilliant period of London life the upstart had carried Adèle off to France. He had bought an estate in Piedmont, which was his native country, and another with a splendid house, near Paris. Sir Charles was not surprised to hear a little later that the Marquise and the Marquis had also returned to France. The time of persecution was over; most of the great royalist families were returning, unreconciled in sentiment if wavering in their purposes. That his old friend should ever be dazzled by imperial grandeurs Sir Charles could not believe. Though he had abandoned his daughter to an upstart, he was too good a royalist to abandon his principles, for which certainly he would have died if that had been of any use. But he had returned to France. Most of his exiled friends had returned too, and Sir Charles understood very well that the Marquis and his wife wanted to be somewhere near their daughter. This departure closed a long chapter in his life, and afterwards Sir Charles hardly ever mentioned his French friends. The only positive thing which Henrietta knew was that Adèle d'Armand had married an upstart and had returned to France. She had communicated that knowledge to her brother, who had stared with evident surprise but had made no comment. Living away from home at school and afterwards in Cambridge, his father's French friends had remained for him as shadowy figures on the shifting background of a very poignant, very real, and intense drama of contemporary history, dominated by one enormously vital and in its greatness immensely mysterious individuality—the only man of his time.

COSMO LATHAM at the threshold of life had adopted neither of the contrasted views of Napoleon Emperor entertained by his contemporaries. For him as for his father before him, the world offered a scene of conflicting emotions in which facts appraised by reason preserved a mysterious complexity and a dual character. One evening during an artless discussion with young men of his own age, it had occurred to him to say that Bonaparte seemed to be the only man amongst a lot of old scarecrows. "Look how he knocks them over," he had explained. A moment of silence followed. Then a voice objected:

"Then perhaps he is not so great as some of you try to make him out."

"I didn't mean that exactly," said Cosmo in a sobered tone. "Nobody can admire that man more than I do. Perhaps the world may be none the worse for a scarecrow here and there left on the borders of what is right and just. I only wished to express my sense of the moving force in his genius."

"What does he stand for?" asked the same voice.

Cosmo shook his head. "Many things, and some of them too obvious to mention. But I can't help

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thinking that there are some which we cannot see yet."

"And some of them that are dead already," retorted his interlocutor. "They died in his very hands. But there is one thing for which he stands and that will never die. You seem to have forgotten it. It is the spirit of hostility to this nation; to what we in this room, with our different views and opinions, stand for in the last instance."

"Oh, that!" said Cosmo confidently. "What we stand for isn't an old scarecrow. Great as he is he will never knock that over. His arm is not long enough, however far his thoughts may go. He has got to work with common men."

"I don't know what you mean. What else are we? I believe you admire him."

"I do," confessed Cosmo sturdily.

This did not prevent him from joining the army in Spain before the year was out, and that without asking for Sir Charles's approval. Sir Charles condemned severely the policy of using the forces of the Crown in the Peninsula. He did not like the ministry of the day, and he had a strong prejudice against all the Wellesleys to whose aggrandizement this whole policy seemed effected. But when at the end of a year and a half, after the final victory of Toulouse, his son appeared in Yorkshire, the two made up for the past coolness by shaking hands warmly for nearly a whole minute. Cosmo really had done very little campaigning and soon declared to his father the wish to leave the army. There would be no more fighting for years and years, he argued, and though he did not dislike fighting in a good cause, he had no taste for mere soldiering. He wanted to see something of the world which had been closed to us for so long. Sir Charles, ageing and dignified, leaned on his stick on the long terrace.

"All the world was never closed to us," he said.

"I wasn't thinking of the East, sir," explained Cosmo. "I heard some people talk about its mystery, but I think Europe is mysterious enough just now, and even more interesting."

Sir Charles nodded his bare gray head in the chill evening breeze.

"France, Germany," he murmured.

Cosmo thought that he would prefer to see something of Italy first. He would go north afterwards.

"Through Vienna, I suppose," suggested Sir Charles with an impassive face.

"I don't think so, sir," said Cosmo frankly. "I don't care much for the work which is going on there and perhaps still less for the men who are putting their hands to it."

This time Sir Charles's slow nod expressed complete agreement. He too had no liking for the work that was about to begin there. But no objection could be raised against Italy. He had known Italy well thirty or more years ago, but it must have been changed out of his knowledge. He remained silent, gazing at the wide landscape of blue wooded rises and dark hollows under the gorgeous colours of the sunset. They began to die out.

"You may travel far before you see anything like this," he observed to his son. "And don't be in a hurry to leave us. You have only just come home. Remember I am well over sixty."

Cosmo was quite ready to surrender himself to the peace of his Yorkshire home, so different from the strenuous atmosphere of the last campaign in the South of France. Autumn was well advanced before he fixed the day for his departure. On his last day at home Sir Charles addressed him with perfect calmness.

"When you pass into Italy you must not fail to see my old friend the Marquis d'Armand. The French King has appointed him as ambassador in Turin. It's a sign of high favour, I believe. He will be either in Turin or Genoa. . . ." Sir Charles paused, then after a perfectly audible sigh added with an effort: "The Marquise is dead. I knew her in her youth. She was a marvellous woman. . . ." Sir Charles checked himself, and then with another effort, "But the daughter of my old friend is I believe with her father now, a married daughter, the Countess of Montevesso."

"You mean little Adèle, sir," he said, and his tone was tender but it changed to contempt as he went on. "I don't know whether the fellow, I mean the man she married, is staying with them or whether they are living with him, or whether . . . I know nothing!"

THE word "upstart," heard many years ago from his sister Henrietta, crossed Cosmo's mind. He thought to himself, "There is something wrong there," and to his father he said, "I will be able to tell you all about it."

"I don't want to know," Sir Charles replied with a surprising solemnity of tone and manner which hid some deeper feeling. "But give the Marquis my love and tell him that when he gets tired of all his grandeurs he may remember that there is a large place for him in this house as long as I live."

Late that evening Cosmo, saying good-bye to his sister, took her in his arms, kissed her forehead, and holding her out at arm's length said:

"You have grown into a charming girl, Henrietta."

"I am glad you think so," she said. "Alas, I am too dark. I can never be as charming as Adèle must have been at my age. You seem to have forgotten her."

"Oh no," protested Cosmo carelessly. "A marvel of fairness, wasn't she? I remember you telling me years ago that she married an upstart."

"That was Father's expression. You know what that means, Cosmo."

"I do know what it means, exactly," he said, laughing. "But from what Father said this afternoon it seems as if he were a rather nasty upstart. What made Adèle do it?"

"I am awed," confessed Henrietta. "I don't know what made her do it. I was never told. Father never talked much about the D'Armands afterwards. I was with him in the yellow drawing room the evening he got the letter from the Marquis. After he read it he said something very extraordinary. You know it's full nine years ago and I was yet a child, yet I could not have dreamed it. I heard it distinctly. He dropped his hands and said, 'Austerlitz has done it.' What could he have meant?"

"It would be hard to guess the connection," said Cosmo, smiling at his sister's puzzled face. "Father must have been thinking of something else."

"Father was thinking of nothing else for days," affirmed Henrietta positively.

"You must have been a very observant child," remarked her brother. "But I believe you were always a clever girl, Henrietta. Well, I am going to see Adèle."

"Oh yes, you start in the morning to travel ever so far and for ever so long," said Miss Latham enviously. "Oh Cosmo, you are going to write to me—lots?"

He looked at her appreciatively and gave her another brotherly hug.

"Certainly I will write, whole reams," he said.

IV

ON his way from the harbour to the upper part of the town where his inn was situated Cosmo Latham met very few people. He had to pass through a sort of covered way; its arch yawned in front of him very black with only a feeble glimmer of a light in its depths. It did not occur to him that it was a place where one could very well be knocked on the head by evil-intentioned men if there were any prowling about in that early part of the evening, for it was early yet, though the last gleams of sunset had gone out completely off the earth and out of the sky. On issuing from the dark passage a maze of narrow streets presented itself to his choice, but he knew that as long as he kept walking uphill he could not fail to reach the middle of the town. Projecting at long intervals from the continuous mass of thick walls, wrought-iron arms held lanterns containing dim gleams of light. The enormous doors of the lofty gate-ways he passed were closed, and the only sound he could hear was that of his own deliberate footsteps. At a wider spot where several of those lanes met he stopped, and looking about him asked himself whether all those enormous and palatial houses were empty, or whether it was the thickness of the walls that killed all the signs of life within; for as to the population being already asleep he could not believe it for a moment. All at once he caught sight of a muffled feminine form. In the heavy shadow she seemed to emerge out of one wall and gliding on seemed to disappear into another. It was undoubtedly a woman. Cosmo was startled by this noiseless apparition and had a momentary feeling of being lost in an enchanted city. Presently the enchanted silence was broken by the increasing sound of an iron-shod stick tapping the flagstones, till there walked out of one of the dark and tortuous lanes a man who by his rolling gait, general outline, and the characteristic shape of the hat, Cosmo could not doubt, was a seaman belonging to the English man-of-war in the harbour. The tapping of his stick ceased suddenly and Cosmo hailed him in English, asking for the way.

The sturdy figure in the tarpaulin hat put its cudgel under its arm and answered him in a deep pleasant voice. Yes, he knew the inn. He was just coming from there. If His Honour followed the street before him he would come to a large open space and His Honour's inn would be across the square. In the deep shadows Cosmo could make out of the seaman's face nothing but the bushy whiskers and the gleam of the eyes. He was pleased at meeting the very day he had reached the Mediterranean shore (he had come down to Genoa from Turin) such a fine specimen of man-of-war's man. He thanked him for the direction and the sailor, touching his hat, went off at his slightly rolling gait. Cosmo observed that he took a turning very near the spot where the muffled woman had a moment before vanished from sight. It was a very dark and a very narrow passage between towering buildings. Cosmo, continuing on his way, arrived at a broad thoroughfare badly lighted but full of people. He knew where he was then. In a very few moments he found himself at the door of his inn in a great square which in comparison with the rest of the town might have been said to blaze with lights.

UNDER an iron lantern swung above a flight of three broad steps, Cosmo recognized his servant gazing into the square with a worried expression which changed at once into one of relief on perceiving his master. He touched his cap and followed Cosmo into a large hall with several doors opening into it and furnished with many wooden chairs and tables. At one of them bearing four candlesticks several British naval officers sat talking and laughing in subdued tones. A compactly-built clean-shaven person with slightly sunken cheeks, wearing black breeches and a maroon waistcoat with sleeves, but displaying a very elaborate frill to his white shirt, stood in the middle of the floor, glancing about with vigilance, and bowed hurriedly to his latest client. Cosmo returned the greeting of Signor Cantelucci, who, snatching up the nearest candlestick, began to ascend a broad stone staircase with an air of performing a solemn duty. Cosmo followed him, and Cosmo's servant followed his master. They went up and up. At every flight broad archways gave a view of dark perspective in which nothing but a few drops of dim fire were forlornly visible. At last Signor Cantelucci threw open a door on a landing and bowed again:

"See, milord! There is a fire. I know the customs and habits of the English."

Cosmo stepped into a large and lofty room where in the play of bright flames under a heavy and tall mantelpiece the shadows seemed very much disturbed by his entrance. Cosmo approached the blaze with satisfaction.

"I had enough trouble to get them to light it," remarked the valet in a resentful tone. "If it hadn't been for a jack-tar with big whiskers I found down in the hall it wouldn't be done yet. He came up from the ship with one of these sea officers downstairs. He drove the fellows with the wood in fine style up here for me. He knows the people here. He cursed them each separately by their Christian names, and then had a glass of wine in the kitchen with me."

Meantime Signor Cantelucci, wearing the aspect of a deaf man, had lighted, on two separate tables, two clusters of candles which drove the restless gloom of the large apartment half way up to the ceiling, and retired with noiseless steps. He stopped in the doorway to cast a keen glance at the master and the man standing by the fire. Those two turned their heads only at the sound of the closing door.

"I couldn't think what became of you, sir. I was getting quite worried about you. You disappeared without saying anything to me."

"I went for a walk down by the sea," said Cosmo while the man moved off to where several cowhide trunks were ranged against the wall. "I like to take a look round on arriving at a new place."

"Yes, sir; but when it got dark I wondered."

"I tarried on a tower to watch the sunset," murmured Cosmo.

"I have been doing some unpacking," said the servant, "but not knowing how long you mean to stay . . ."

"It may be a long stay."

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"Then I will go on, sir; that is if you are going to keep this room."

"Yes. The room will do, Spire. It's big enough."

Spire took up one of the two candelabras and retired into the neighborhood of a sort of state bed heavily draped at the other end of the room. There, throwing open the trunks and the doors of closets, he busied himself systematically, without noise, till he heard the quiet voice of his young master.

"Spire."

"Yes, sir," he answered, standing still with a pile of shirts on his arm.

"Is this inn very full?"

"Yes, very," said Spire. "The whole town is full of travellers and people from the country. A lot of our nobility and gentry are passing this way."

He deposited the shirts on a shelf in the depths of the wall and turned round again.

"Have you heard any names, Spire?"

Spire stooped over a trunk and lifted up from it carefully a lot of white neckcloths folded neatly one within the other.

"I haven't had much time yet, sir. I heard a few."

He laid down the neckcloths by the side of the shirts while Cosmo, with his elbow on the mantelpiece, asked down the whole length of the room:

"Anybody I know?"

"Not in this place, sir. There is generally a party of officers from the man-of-war staying here. They come and go. I have seen some Italian gentlemen in square-cut coats and powdered hair. Very old-fashioned, sir. There are some Austrians too, I think; but I haven't seen any ladies. . . . I am afraid, sir, this isn't the right sort of inn. There is another about a hundred yards from here on the other side of the square."

"I don't want to meet anybody I know," said Cosmo Latham in a low voice.

Spire thought that this would make his stay in Genoa very dull. At the same time he was convinced that his young master would alter his mind before very long and change to that other inn patronized by travellers of fashion. For himself he was not averse from a little quiet time. Spire was no longer young. Thirty years ago, before the War and before the Revolution, he had travelled with Sir Charles in France and Italy. He was then only eighteen, but being a steady and trustworthy lad was taken abroad to look after the horses. Sir Charles kept four horses in Florence, and Spire had often ridden on Tuscan roads behind Sir Charles and the two Misses Aston, of whom one later became Lady Latham. After the family settled in Yorkshire he passed from the stables to the house, acquired a confidential position, and whenever Lady Latham took a journey he sat in the rumble with a pair of double-barrelled pistols in the pockets of his greatcoat and ordered all things on the road. Later he became intermediary between Sir Charles and the stables, the gardens, and in all out-of-doors things about the house. He attended Lady Latham on her very last drive, all the details for that lady's funeral having been left to his management. He was also a very good valet. He had been called one evening into the library where Sir Charles, very gouty that day, leaning with one hand on a thick stick and with the other on the edge of a table, had said to him: "I am lending you to Mr. Cosmo for his travels in France and Italy. You will know your way about. And mind you draw the charges of the pistols in the carriage every morning and load them afresh."

SPIRE was then requested to help Sir Charles up the stairs and had a few more words said to him when Sir Charles stopped at the door of his bedroom.

"Mr. Cosmo has plenty of sense. You are not to make yourself a nuisance to him."

"No, Sir Charles," said the imperturbable Spire. "I will know how to look after Mr. Cosmo."

And if he had been asked, Spire would have been able to say that during the stay in Paris and all through France and Switzerland on the way to Genoa Mr. Cosmo had given him no trouble at all.

Spire, still busy unpacking, glanced at his young master. He certainly looked very quiet now, leaning on his elbow with the firelight playing from below on his young thoughtful face with its smooth and pale complexion. "Very good-looking indeed," thought Spire. In that thoughtful mood he recalled very much the Sir Charles of thirty or thirty-five years ago. Would he too find his wife abroad? There had been women enough in Paris of every kind and degree, English and French and all sorts. But it was a fact that Mr. Cosmo sought most of his company amongst men, of whom also there had been no lack and of every degree. In that, too, the young man resembled very much his father. Men's company. But were he to get caught he would get caught properly; at any rate for a time, reflected Spire, remembering Sir Charles Latham's rush back to Italy, the inwardness of which had been no more revealed to him than to the rest of the world.

Spire, approaching the candelabra, unfolded partly a very fine coat, then refolded it before putting it away on a convenient shelf. He had a moment of regret for his own young days. He had never married, not because there had been any lack of women to set their caps at him, but from a sort of half-conscious prudence. Moreover, he had a notion somehow or other that Sir Charles would not have liked it. Perhaps it was just as well. Now he was carefree, attending on Mr. Cosmo without troubling his head about who had remained at home.

Spire, arranging the contents of a dressing case on the table, cast another sidelong look at the figure by the fire. Very handsome. Something like Sir Charles and yet not like. There was a touch of something unusual, perhaps foreign, and yet no one with a pair of eyes in his head could mistake Mr. Cosmo for anything but an English gentleman.

Spire's memories of his tour with Sir Charles had been growing dim. But he remembered enough of the old-time atmosphere to have become aware of a feeling of tension, of a suggestion of restlessness which certainly was new to him.

THE silence had lasted very long. Cosmo before the fire had not moved. Spire ventured on a remark.

"I notice people are excited about one thing and another hereabouts, sir."

"Excited. I don't wonder at it. In what way?"

"Sort of discontented, sir. They don't like the Austrians, sir. You may have noticed as we came along . . . "

"Did they like us when we held the town?"

"I can hardly say that, sir. I have been sitting for an hour or more in the couriers' room, with all sorts of people coming in and out, and heard very wild sort of talk."

"What can you know about its wildness?"

"To look at their faces was enough. It's a funny place, that room downstairs," went on Spire, rubbing with a piece of silk a travelling looking-glass mounted cunningly in a silver case which when opened made a stand for it. He placed it exactly in the middle of a little table and turned round to look at his master. Seeing that Cosmo seemed disposed to listen he continued: "It is vaulted like a cellar and has a little door giving into a side street. People come in and out as they like. All sorts of low people, sir, *facchini* and carters and boatmen and suchlike. There was an old fellow came in, a gray-headed man, a cobbler, I suppose, as he brought a bagful of mended shoes for the servants of the house. He emptied the lot on the stone floor, sir, and instead of trying to collect his money from the people that were scrambling for them he made them a speech. He spouted, sir, without drawing a breath. The courier-valet of an English doctor staying here, a Swiss I think he is, says to me in his broken English: 'He would cut every Austrian throat in this town.' We were having a glass of wine together and I asked him, 'And what do you think of that?' And he says to me, after thinking a bit, 'I agree with him. . . .' Very dreadful, sir," concluded Spire with a perfectly unmoved face.

Cosmo looked at him in silence for a time. "It was very bold talk if that is what the man really said," he remarked. "Especially as the place is so public as you say it is."

"Absolutely open to the street, sir; and that same Swiss fellow had told me just before that the town was full of spies and what they call *sbirri* that came from Turin with the King. The King is staying at the Palace, sir. They are expecting the Queen of Sardinia to arrive any day. You didn't know, sir? They say she will come in an English man-of-war. That old cobbler was very abusive about the King of Piedmont too. Surely talk like that can't be safe anywhere."

Spire paused suddenly and Cosmo Latham turned his back to the fire.

"Well, and what happened?" he asked with a smile.

"You could have heard a pin drop," said Spire in equable tones, "till that Signor Cantelucci—that's the padrone of this inn, sir . . . "

"The man who lighted me up?" said Cosmo.

"Yes, sir. . . . I didn't know he was in the room till suddenly he spoke behind my back telling one of the scullions that was there to give the man a glass of wine. And what the old fellow must do but raise it above his head and shout a toast to the Destructor of the Austrians before he tossed it down his throat. I was quite astonished, but Signor Cantelucci never turned a hair. He offered his snuff-box to that doctor's courier and myself and shrugged his shoulders. 'It was only Pietro,' he said, 'a little mad'—he tapped his forehead, you know, sir. The doctor's courier sat there grinning. I got suddenly uneasy about you, sir, and went out to the front door to see whether you were coming. It's very different from what it was thirty years ago. There was no talk in Italy of cutting foreigners' throats when Sir Charles and I were here. It was quite a startling experience."

Cosmo nodded. "You seem impressed, Spire. Well, I too had an experience, just as the sun was setting."

"I am sorry to hear that, sir."

"What do you mean? Why should you be sorry?"

"I beg your pardon, sir, I thought it was something unpleasant."

Cosmo had a little laugh. "Unpleasant? No! Not exactly, though I think it was more dangerous than yours, but if there was any madness connected with it, it had a very visible method. It was not all talk either. Yes, Spire, it was exciting."

"I don't know what's come to them all. Everybody seems excited. There was not excitement in Italy thirty years ago when I was with Sir Charles and took four horses with only one helper from this very town to Florence, sir."

Cosmo with fixed eyes did not seem to hear Spire's complaining remark. He exclaimed: "Really it was very extraordinary," so suddenly that Spire gave a perceptible start. He pulled himself together and asked in a purely business tone:

"Are you going to dine in your room, sir? Time is getting on."

Cosmo's mood too seemed to have changed completely.

"I don't know. I am not hungry. I want you to move one of those screens here near the fire and place a table and chair there. I will do some correspondence to-night. Yes, I will have my dinner here, I think."

"I will go down and order it, sir," said Spire. "The cook here is a Frenchman who married a native and . . . "

"WHO on earth is swearing like this outside?" exclaimed Cosmo, while Spire's face also expressed astonishment at the loud burst of voices coming along the corridor, one angry, the other argumentative, in a crescendo of scolding and expostulation which, passing the door at its highest, died away into a confused murmur in the distance of the long corridor.

"That was an English voice," said Cosmo. "I mean the angry one."

"I should think it's that English doctor from Tuscany that has been three or four days here already. He has been put on this floor."

"From what I have been able to catch," said Cosmo, "he seems very angry at having a neighbour on it. That must be me. Have you heard his name?"

"It's Marvel or some such name. He seems to be known here; he orders people about as if he were at home. The other was Cantelucci, sir."

"Very likely. Look here, Spire. I will dine in the public room downstairs. I want to see that angry gentleman. Did you see him, Spire?"

"Only his back, sir. Very broad, sir. Tall man. In boots and riding coat. Are you going down now, sir? The dinner must be on already."

"Yes," said Cosmo, preparing to go out. "And by the by, Spire, if you ever see in the street or in that room downstairs, where everyone comes in and out as you say, a long fellow wearing a peculiar cap with a tassel, just try to find out something about him; or at any rate let me know when you have seen him. . . . You could perhaps follow him a bit and try to see where he goes."

After saying those words Cosmo left the room before Spire could make an answer. Spire's astonishment expressed itself by a low exclamation, "Well, I never!"

(*To be continued in the next issue*)

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Books of Special Interest

O Migration!

GRASS. By MERIAN C. COOPER. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1925. $2.75.

Reviewed by LAWTON MACKALL

THIS book gives the story of the remarkable film of its name depicting the migration of a Persian tribe from their winter grazing ground, where the spring sun has caused the verdure to wither, to their distant warm-weather home; the journey involving the crossing of treacherous rivers and formidable mountain ranges, till, at the end of six weeks of toil and struggle, high fertile valleys are reached. These upper pastures will remain green until autumn, when the nomads will be compelled to fight their way back over the mountain snows to their summer abode. Surely the Baktyari are the hardiest known race of commuters.

Mr. Cooper who, with his friend Ernest B. Schoedsack, the camera man, made the journey as guests of the tribal chief Haidar, found the experience a most exciting one. He records the events of the trip in a diary which reads almost like a dime novel. The wonder of the "show"—as he calls it—constantly carried him to the exclamation point.

And indeed it is a show which could hardly be described in anæmic language. Fifty to a hundred thousand men, women, and children climbing through the snows. Nearly every woman carrying a cradle on her back. Ten thousand animals—horses, goats, sheep, dogs—goaded along a trail where a misstep may mean death in an abyss below. Hostile tribesmen attempting to bar the way. Precarious goatskin rafts whirling in the eddies of an icy river. Such things are not to be spoken of tamely.

Still, the astounded reader might be quite as much impressed with the drama—perhaps even more so—if Mr. Cooper would occasionally abate his fervor. Even though his narrative is accompanied by sixty-four full-page pictures from "Grass," it seems hardly necessary to write always as though he were composing subtitles. To this effete reviewer Mr. Cooper's tireless vigor is at times overwhelming. The man simply snorts vitality.

> I had asked for a horse at sunrise [he says], and at sunrise a horse came. The camp was still asleep. . . . I took the trail along the foot of the mountains. The air was fresh and winelike; range after range of mountains rose gigantic in the early sunlight, the snow peaks standing out clearly in the distance beyond. I waved my hand at them. "We'll be among you soon," I called.

What the mountains answered is not reported; but he goes on to say that:

> Then, aglow with the delight of the morning, I threw back my head and whooped aloud.

However I forgive him for the sake of the story as a whole, which is certainly well worth the telling and well worth the reading.

A Land of Confusions

BEYOND THE UTMOST PURPLE RIM. By E. ALEXANDER POWELL. New York: The Century Co. 1925. $3.50.

Reviewed by T. MORRIS LONGSTRETH

THE purple rim is the rampart of mountains that have protected Abyssinia from a rapacious world since the beginning of rapacity, and Col. Powell's book is the means of seeing over it. Indeed the book has saved one reader a trip thither,—for he feels that one could never have quite so fortunate a time as did the Colonel, who was taken under the princely wing of the future King of Kings, Conquering Lion of Judah, Elect of God, and Emperor of Ethopia, and given a royal good time on champagne, jungle treks, and religious dances. Also, life in Abyssinia without a prince to look after you, would be somewhat hazardous. It is a land of confusions. The laws of Moses are observed there, and if your right hand offends you—or somebody else—it is literally cut off. It is a tropical country where you can be bitterly cold, a country of colored people who are not Negro but Caucasian, a Christian country where the Ark of the Covenant, circumcision, slavery, feudalism, and the latest thing in machine-guns can be found. It is a member of the League of Nations and practically illiterate. Its monarch is the only absolute monarch left and the old Empress has less power than her provincial governors. Her realm is so poor that it cannot finance the most pressing public improvements, yet has no national debt. Finally, Abyssinia is a pivotal point of strategy for all northeastern Africa and is coveted by every nation in Europe, yet she not only remains undisturbed, but actually destroyed an Italian army of 15,000 men in 1896. The ruling Empress purports to be a direct descendant of Solomon and a former Abyssinian, the Queen of Sheba.

Although these 400 pages are crowded with information, Col. Powell has managed to be diverting and at times vivid. It is not easy to give the high points of seven thousand years of history in thirty pages, or to sketch in entertainingly a country's customs, geography, and character. The writer has done this, adding travel incident, personal gossip, and international allusion to taste. The book would have been much better if devoted wholly to Abyssinia instead of bringing in Madagascar and other countries, and the effect of the excellent photography of Mr. Rexford W. Barton is lessened by the same attempt to offer a complete record.

Towards Peace

THE PERMANENT COURT OF INTERNATIONAL JUSTICE AND THE QUESTION OF AMERICAN PARTICIPATION. WITH A COLLECTION OF DOCUMENTS. By MANLEY O. HUDSON. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1925. $4.00.

Reviewed by Hamilton Holt

NO living American has gained a more enviable reputation as an advocate of America's entrance into the League of Nations and the Permanent Court of International Justice than the author of this volume. Indeed, it is safe to say that Professor Hudson is now the leading American technical expert on these two great steps in world organization.

The publishers inform us that "this is the first book published in America concerning the organization and work of the new Court." This is true, if one ignores Miss Kellor's second volume in her "Security Against War"—a veritable Borah Bible or isolationist Iliad written to belittle the Court and the League. The fourteen chapters which make up the bulky volume under review were all originally either articles or addresses published or delivered during the past three years on various and sundry occasions "for the purpose of bringing home to the American people the facts about the Court." Now collected together in permanent form and followed by a comprehensive appendix of the official documents, the book, despite inevitable repetition and overlapping, will prove of interest to all students of the Court, and will be especially valuable to editors and speakers next winter when on December 17th the great Court debate begins in the United States Senate.

Professor Hudson writes chiefly as historian and legal technician. He records, explains, and maintains. But the larger and deeper relation of the Court to war and peace and to national and international politics, he touches upon but secondarily. Probably this was inevitable, owing to the special audiences for which his papers and addresses were originally prepared. Yet if he had but taken the gist of these papers and rewritten them into a homogeneous treatise emphasizing the larger philosophical aspects of the Court, he could have made an epochal book.

Each chapter is written with that scholarship, skill, and elegance of simplicity that one would expect of a Cambridge professor. It is an especial delight to read an author who understands the emphasis of understatement. I have not space to take up the points of the book in detail. Suffice it to say that Professor Hudson's first three chapters give a complete and admirable history of the first three years of the Court. His fourth chapter deals with the Court's advisory opinions. It will be news to most readers that advisory opinions are constantly being given by many of our State Supreme Courts on request of the Governors or legislatures. Professor Hudson has brought together much interesting information on this subject.

The remaining ten chapters deal with America's possible participation in the Court. I especially call the reader's attention to the way the author "shows up" President Harding's suggestion for a self-perpetuating Court, and Senator Borah's specious arguments underlying his plea for the outlawry of war. Professor Hudson has here done a most felicitous bit of polemic writing.

Summing up, I can find no sins of commission whatsoever with which to charge Professor Hudson. But—would that he had written a book, instead of collecting some brilliant ephemeral papers in a permanent binding!

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Books of Special Interest

Jacksonian Banking

THE PANIC of 1837. Some Financial Problems of the Jacksonian Era. By Reginald Charles McGrane. Chicago. The University of Chicago Press. 1924. $2.

Reviewed by William MacDonald

THE scope of this book is broader than its title, for Professor McGrane not only traces in great detail the course of events leading up to the panic of 1837 and the history of the panic itself, but continues the narrative until the inauguration of the independent treasury in 1840. This was the logical thing to do, however, because of the continuing importance, politically as well as financially, of the second Bank of the United States. The bank, defeated by Jackson in its effort to obtain from Congress a renewal of its charter, ceased in March, 1836, to be the fiscal agent of the federal government and accepted a Pennsylvania charter; but the question how best to provide for the custody and management of the public monies divided parties and the country until the so-called independent treasury system was set up. Moreover the bank, whatever its responsibility for the panic, played a leading rôle as a State institution in opposing Van Buren and the resumption of specie payment, the history of its operations and of the speculations of its president, Nicholas Biddle, thus becoming an integral part of the history of the panic itself.

Professor McGrane has not added a great deal to this history of the bank as narrated by Catterall, nor to the history of the distribution of the surplus revenue as told by E. G. Bourne, but for the period subsequent to the expiration of the federal charter, as well as for the panic episode, his book is a contribution of notable value. The immediate occasion of the panic was the financial embarrassment of certain Irish and British banks, suspicion on the part of the Bank of England regarding American business houses in London and Liverpool, and the throwing back upon the American market, already heavily weighted with English credits, of large quantities of protested commercial paper to be made good by the export of specie. The sudden demand sent specie to a premium just at the time when the expiration of the bank charter and the removal of the government deposits put an end to the financial power which had held the State banks in check, and when the specie circular had forbidden the acceptance of anything except specie in payment for public lands. The course of land speculation, with its accompaniments of a dangerous increase in the volume of unsecured paper currency and the familiar practices of wildcat banking, is told with admirable clearness by Professor McGrane, as are the efforts to induce Van Buren, who inherited the economic chaos from Jackson, to rescind the circular. Van Buren, to his lasting credit, resisted the pressure, wisely concluding that the trouble was beyond the reach of panaceas and that the disease had best be left to run its course.

A study of newspapers and State and local records, a feature of the book which is especially to be commended for its thoroughness, shows that the effects of the panic were unevenly felt. Business losses were naturally heaviest in the East, particularly in New York and Philadelphia, and a sharp difference of opinion presently developed between those two centres over the return to specie payment and the establishment of the independent treasury. Internal improvements were generally checked and unemployment was widespread, but in New York State an increase of interest in agriculture was to be noted, and some improvements took place in the woolen, metal, and boot and shoe industries of New England. In parts of the South, on the other hand, disaster was greater than in the East; many planters became bankrupt, in Alabama "property almost entirely changed hands," and by May, 1837, Mobile could not boast of a solvent house. Until 1839 the West suffered comparatively little; then came a general decline in the prices of agricultural products, and the previous decade of unsound banking and inflated credit bore its inevitable fruit.

Professor McGrane's book emphasizes once more the need of a biography of Nicholas Biddle. As president of the bank, both as a federal and as a State institution, Biddle's position made him for years a dominating force in American business and finance and a political influence of firstrate importance. The Biddle papers, which Professor McGrane has used and some portions of which he has already edited, are a mine of information which ought to be comprehensively worked. There is hardly a better example in our history of the interdependence of politics and economics than that afforded by "Biddle's bank" and the panic of 1837, and the contribution made by the present volume sharpens the appetite for more.

Our Universe

THE STORY OF WILBUR THE HAT. By Hendrik Van Loon. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. $3.50.

PLAYFULLY mingling the trivial with the tremendous, the absurd with the deeply significant, Mr. Van Loon here gives us in text and pictures a philosopher's-eye view of the universe, with especial reference to his favorite subject, Mankind. Seldom has didactic earnestness been so engagingly disguised with foolery. This book is flippantly profound.

Wilbur—a cocky, overweening felt hat from Boston, bought in a swagger moment by Haddock Junior (son of Mr. and Mrs. Haddock, the well-known tourists)—becomes so vociferously vain that he is "picked up" on the radio by Zeus. The Thunderer, annoyed at the silly racket, issues instructions to have Wilbur blown clear out of the picture by a tornado.

But Wilbur is too fatuous a hat ever to be taught a lesson. After falling through space and through chasms for eight hundred years at a rate of "1289543897853/4 yards per second" and landing in a huge lake in "that part of the world which does not exist," he is still his old self. Nor, as he is wafted along from wonder to wonder and vision to vision, does he show any awakening of mind, any reaction to spectacles of sublimity beyond a sort of complacent curiosity. His comments to Cedric, a venerable cricket (cousin to Don Marquis's Archibald) who, perched on Wilbur's brim, acts as cicerone on this voyage even as Virgil did to Dante in the nether realms —Wilbur's remarks to this sapient insect are those of an idea-proof nincompoop. For Cedric the trip must have been a most trying one.

With the cricket as expositor they see the sights *en passant*: Stradivarius whittling a violin; Leonardo conceiving a flying machine; Prometheus bringing fire to the human race; a tiny Napoleon dragging an enormous cannon; odd-looking people building bars of music in the sky; the Man Who Worries About What His Neighbors Think of Him, teetering uncomfortably on a tightrope; two devils—the only ones in the place,—hired to take care of the man who first threatened children with Hell fire; cock-sure haranguers, gesticulating furiously, each poised precariously upon the pinnacle of his own perfection; the labyrinth where plodding syllogizers lose their way; the juggernaut of machinery, a servant that has become master; a little fellow with a goose-quill upsetting a few planets. And so on. The sightseeing is brought to an abrupt end when Wilbur. . . .

But what else *could* one expect of a hat like that?

The book is brief enough to be skimmed through in half an hour; but the average reader will discover in it so many "pet pages" and "favorite pictures" that he may have trouble in detaching himself from it. It is the sort of innocent looking volume that makes persons late to appointments.

Posthumous Essays

THE FREEMAN BOOK. Huebsch. 1924. $3.

"THE Freeman Book" may be described as a cross section of *The Freeman*, that brilliant weekly which not long since died an untimely death. As such it is quite worth reading. Every department is included, and the selection, from "Current Comment" to "Briefer Mentions" is a happy and representative one.

While many of the contributions are necessarily lacking in immediate timeliness, it is significant that most of the views expressed in them have been strengthened and justified by the passing of years. *The Freeman* flourished in a more chaotic period than the present, at a time when its voice and influence were particularly welcome; for this reason, as the editors remarked in their closing issue, *The Freeman* was not in the wider sense a failure. And although quieter days loom ahead, one is glad to hear the rumor that the *Freeman* may resume publication. If "need" could be made to imply "support," its success would be assured.

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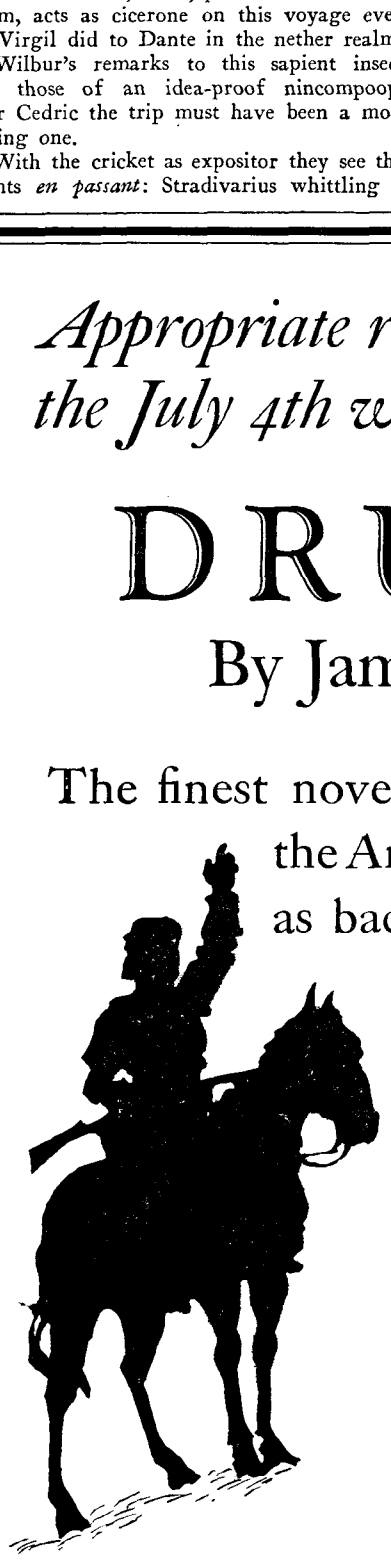

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A Letter from Austria

By Julian Sternberg

AUSTRIAN literature shares the lamentable fate of the Austrian state. It cannot live and no more can it die. Not only has it suffered grievously through the disruption of the empire, and the consequent loss of contrasts due to the lopping off of the provinces, but it has lost the consciousness of being the cultural center of a nation of a million people,—a consciousness which to be sure frequently laid its writers open to the charge of having too much national feeling and of being inextricably dependent upon the existence of the Hapsburg monarchy, but which nevertheless enabled them to reply with a smiling irony equal to its own when Berlin condescendingly reproached them. Today the Austrian writer feels harassed and humbled by the straitened circumstances of his native land. He knows full well that the political situation is not such as to guarantee him right to the respect in the detached portions of the empire which he formerly enjoyed there, and that in these now independent sections of the former Austria all the tendencies that even before the war were making for the freeing of Austrian literature from the thralldom of Vienna have been powerfully strengthened.

For generations Austrian literature has been Viennese literature. The few Viennese authors who lived outside of the capital and worked in the retirement of the provinces could be counted on the fingers. Viennese society, its likings and its prejudices, its attitude toward life and toward art, all put their stamp upon Austrian fiction, and never did an Austrian poet produce a drama but he wrote with the possibility of its production in the Burgtheater in mind. Vienna society of the old type is impoverished, scattered, or dead. The society that takes its place is an indescribable conglomeration of foreign upstarts, which laboriously strives to mold itself to foreign models, today imitates Paris and tomorrow attempts to follow an incorrectly conceived American fashion of living.

Under the circumstances it is hardly to be wondered at that the drift of present affairs has cast Austrian literature into a panic, that the new books are quite evidently avoiding contemporary problems, placing their scenes in some Utopia, and treating of a period that lies in the past. To be sure, not long since there were still exceptions to this concern with strange places and distant times. The literary market was flooded with books which portrayed dying Vienna through the veil of a sickly and saccharine patriotism, and which ran the whole gamut of horrors in their description of the anticipated destruction of the former imperial city. This fashion, too, passed. The Viennese themselves grew weary of having their impoverishment and decadence depicted, and the interest of the outside world in the city of the Danube appreciably declined as its heralded break-up to the accompaniment of riots and famine failed to materialize and in its place a lingering malaise, no less painful to the surprised victims, took its weary course. In the shop windows far fewer books were displayed which proclaimed on their gaudy covers that their pages contained vivid and naturalistic descriptions of Austria's infirmities. In their place the writers of Austria produced works which pictured ante-bellum times, in an attempt to persuade the public to their belief that it was best to pay no attention to the conditions of the present and to approach its problems with blinkers on.

To take two examples out of the many. Arthur Schnitzler, the most prominent writer of Austria, followed what was perhaps the easiest method. He produced a novel, "Fräulein Else," which judged as a work of art stands with the best that he has done, but which introduces figures which certainly no longer have their prototypes in real life, but rather have something of the spectral about them as they produce the impression of having departed this life at least two generations ago, and having been resuscitated by their creator purely for purposes of his art. Granted that to the girls of a certain rank of society Fräulein Else might have been typical of the Vienna of before the war. A luxury-loving creature, flirting with everyone, and in love with no one but herself, firmly convinced that a life of æsthetic pleasures was her due and that fate would be to blame if such a life were denied her. The plot of the story lies close to the margin of the permissible. The young girl, who in order to rescue her deeply-involved father, must show herself to a wealthy man entirely naked, and who loses her spiritual equilibrium as a result of the demand, and poisons herself, fails to carry out her bargain perhaps for ethical reasons. She commits suicide because everything appears to her so wearying, so purposeless, and in the last analysis so unwarranted a molestation of her elect soul. Man may not demand nuts from apple trees, and *vice versa*. Schnitzler has remained true to himself; he disowns the changes which the war and the post-war period have wrought in the souls of men and women. Just as the former court painter of the old Kaiser, Francis Joseph, over and over again painted the uniforms and horses of the imperial stables, so he peoples his novels again with the figures of his earlier romances and tales. The technique of the book is, however, remarkable. A monologue of over a hundred pages, in which the heroine recounts her experiences and analyzes her emotions, it never for a moment becomes monotonous.

Next to Arthur Schnitzler's novel I place the lengthy romance, "Verdi," whose author, Franz Werfel, is quite as remote in his portrayal from the world of the present as the poet who produced "Anatol" and "Liebelei." Werfel's intention in his work, which depicts the bitter rivalry between the Italian Maestro and Richard Wagner, is to write a novel of the opera. It is a historical novel, which as the author himself says, plays on two planes, the poetical and the narrative, in an imaginary world and in a real one. Werfel has found a way of harmonizing the discord between these two worlds. He believes that at the heart of all art lies—ennui. Since in the nature of things all operations must in the course of years become wearisome, man must experiment and seek for something new. In that need lies the cause of æsthetic progress.

It is on the books that Austrian literature must strive for new modes; what it has so far succeeded in evolving in the search is that for the present the oldest ways are the newest. As to whether this solution will not widen the breach between the creators and the great masses, who are struggling absorbedly with the tragic present, remains to be seen.

On a Romantic

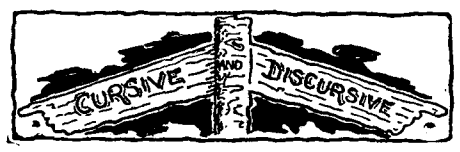
TIECK'S APPROACH TO ROMANTICISM. By Alfred Edwin Lussky. Leipzig: Universitaetsverlag von Robert Noske. 1925. $1.75.

Reviewed by Allen W. Porterfield

A LITERARY movement may be said to have reached the climax in its historical career with the appearance of the first book on the first book about that movement. This is about the state of affairs with regard to German Romanticism. In 1870, Rudolf Haym published his "Die Romantische Schule," a volume of enormous size and long looked up to as the court of final resort. To question the soundness of Haym previous to, say, 1910, would have been regarded as an act of rich impudence. Since then critics have been showing more and more temerity in their atitude toward this old major prophet until, at last, Dr. Lussky comes out with the present treatise the thesis of which is that Haym was misled and misleading when he devoted a major portion of his study to the relation of Ludwig Tieck to Wilhelm Heinrich Wackenroder, and boldly asserted that Tieck (1773-1853) was saved from the coils of faithless despair and made over into a great romanticist, if not a great poet, by his intimate association with the boy Wackenroder (1773-1798), who died before he had done much more than indicate to the world that he might some day do something.

For students of romanticism it is really an important case and is admirably argued by Dr. Lussky, particularly in those points in which he shows right conclusively that romanticism, as revealed in Tieck's attitude toward music, art, emotionalism, poetry, religion, and all the other calvaries on the romanticist's pilgrimage, was either acquired without Wackenroder's aid or inherited, and thus enjoyed, before Tieck even knew Wackenroder.

This, however, is rather a part of literary history. Of infinitely greater importance is the interest that Dr. Lussky arouses in such questions as: Can a man write glorious verse and perfectly cadenced prose and yet have such a dumb ear for music? Can a man be musically gifted, a sort of creative listener, without knowing one note from the other? Can a man who is himself uncreative as a lyric poet and a musician write with safety on the origin of poetic and musical inspiration in the case of a Protean Tieck? Since Rudolf Haym died in 1901, his heirs might give partial answers to these queries. They, however, are silent. Dr. Lussky himself then might have told us something about Haym—and himself—from this point of view, for one of the meanest problems associated with the whole business of literary criticism is the extent to which mere talent is justified in disposing of sheer genius.



THE cats had found two stone steps that led up to the small flower-garden. Upon the lowest of these Cleopatra languishingly reclined, while Thomas, immaculate in evening dress, white shirt-front and black attire, yawned delicately, seated above her. With mild boredom he scanned the tabbiness of Cleopatra, then lightly put a paw on the side of her face, and, turning her head half round, carefully licked her left ear. Head slightly on one side, he regarded his handiwork, and then, apparently satisfied, squeezed his eyes closed with infinite boredom. Again he yawned pinkly. But Cleo spoke:

"Have you read 'St. Mawr'?" she asked purringly.

"No," purred Thomas in reply, "I hear them saying it's about a horse; and I dislike horses. Horses," continued Thomas somewhat sententiously, "are much too large."

"It is, they say, about sex, too," murmured Cleo, stretching out her front paws with a sensuous unsheathing of claws.

"Sex?" said Thomas. "Isn't that an instrument they play."

"I believe so," answered Cleo, "or sax,—I quite forget which. Either or both seem to be constantly discussed."

"Why do they read the things they call books, I wonder," Thomas wondered.

Cleo shrugged and curled round herself. She stretched her chin upon the stone and blinked.

"I wonder, too," she replied.

"Once," she ruminated, "I tried to read one of their books. I was walking across it upon the table, and it was open. To be sure it was not one of the bigger one's books, nor a new book. It was called 'The Cat of Bubastes.' The name attracted me. But it was all about a land called Egypt and I soon lost interest."

"Still," said Thomas, "my mother used to tell me that we were once properly appreciated in Egypt. We were sacred then."

"What's that?" murmured Cleo drowsily. "Is it the same as scared?"

"Quite the opposite," Thomas rejoined. "They brought us food and were afraid to hurt us."

"On the whole Truda supplies me with sufficient food," said Cleo. "Last night the Guest's boot but barely missed me, it is true, just as Giovanni was in the midst of his most delicious *aria*. But I've never been hit yet."

"Still," said Thomas, "We are hissed and shooed, occasionally. It is quite undignified."

"Oh, a cat is *never* undignified," said Cleo. "That is what makes us superior to the animals."

"Here comes Giovanni now," remarked Thomas, half turning.

Cleo drowsed, but murmured, "A beautiful voice!"

"Purrrrhaps," said Giovanni, coming up, "you two would like to attend the Maltese Concert this evening."

"I think we must decline," said Thomas politely, "we are going over to the Tortoiseshells a little later. They are throwing quite a swell party."

"You will miss the greatest Persian barytone of our time," suggested Giovanni. He was an alley cat, actually, who had risen in society solely through his ardent love of music.

"The Tortoiseshells, however," replied Thomas, "are to have a cod's head and some remains of canned salmon. Also they say that they have found a cream bottle."

"We were speaking of literature," Cleo broke in lazily, "just as you came up. Do you know anything of literature, Giovanni?"

"Well, the greatest sea-writer I have ever heard of," the latter mused, "went by the name of, I think, Jo-Sea-Puss. An old Rabbi I was fond of used to read him down on the lower East Side."

Cleo was a little taken aback at this show of erudition, but she summoned her forces.

"And what," she spoke languidly, "do you think of Sex, Giovanni?"

"Sex which?" asked Giovanni.

"Sex, sex,—don't you know what it is. Thomas says it is a musical instrument."

"Oh that!" returned Giovanni. "Yes, it is a very loud instrument, and it must be some relation to the 'phone through which they speak to each other. I have heard it played. It sounds like a perfect cat-riot."

"It is something also, however, that they read of in books," opined Cleo. She was sitting up now and attending to her neck-fur with a pink tongue.

Thomas rose to his feet and yawned again.

"Well, my dear," he said, "we had better be toddling to the party."

"I for my part," said Giovanni, moving off, "must not be late at the Fence. I am sorry you are not going to hear Fluffitail."

"Another time perhaps," smiled Cleo. "We—yow—we all—oh we also will have ourrrr musical hourrr."

"Arrah me eyebrrrow!" returned Giovanni, who was a great cat-wit in the vernacular.

"Me, oh,—me, oh," yawned Cleo, "but I'm weearrrry!"

"Nevertheless," purred Tommy practically, "we had better prrromenade."

From inside the house at that moment came the unmistakable sound of a cocktail shaker.

"That and books," remarked Cleo, moving off slinkily, "is all they seem to have time for, and occasionally patting or chasing us. After all, there is no question about it, we lead much the more elevated existence, Thomas, don't you think so?"

"Oh, much," replied Thomas, "still, one of these days, I think I must really read about Sex."

W. R. B.

Foreign Notes

STUDENTS of the war will find of much interest General Daniloff's "Russland im Weltkrieg, 1914-15" (Jena: Biedermann), which has just been issued simultaneously in Germany in Russian and in German translation. The first volume to explain Russia's participation in the war from the point of view of the High Command, it is a portly work that sets forth with interesting detail the operations and difficulties of the Russian military régime,

* *

A work that is of much interest, though it presents but a fraction of the correspondence in existence, has recently been issued in Vienna under the title "Franz Joseph I in Seinen Briefen." The editor, Dr. Otto Ernst, has made his selection of letters not with the purpose of presenting a history of the Emperor's reign but of displaying the character, habits, and manner of the man. Some of the letters included in the collection appeared during the past year in the *Neue Freie Presse*.

* *

Grazia Deledda's latest novel, "La Danza della Collana" (Treves), no longer plays in her familiar Sicily, and is apparently the worse for that fact. Though interesting the book is said to lack form and sharpness of character drawing, and only at times to give evidence of the skill that the author has displayed in earlier works.

* * *

Rudolf Steiner, scientist and philosopher, died recently in Switzerland. His interest in sociological and anthropological problems and his writings on those subjects had for many years kept his name before the public.

* *

The *Publishers' Weekly* in summarizing statistics presented by Dr. Gerhard Menz, Chairman of the Association of German Booksellers, states that "more works of fiction, art, music, theatre, and film were published in 1923 than in 1913. . . . The number of works of bibliography and compilations of learning have also greatly increased. Publications of works of theology, political science and law, science, philosophy, philology, history, geography, architecture, agriculture, forestry, and mining—in sum, the specialized results of research in the various fields of learning—show a marked falling off. It is notable that less than one-third the number of books on military science published in 1913 was published in 1923."

* *

Under the title "Huit gouttes d'opium," and subtitle "Contes pour dormir a la veillée," (Plan), Ernest Pérochen has written a delightful volume of original and humorous tales of which the irony is not too obvious.

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

Art

ITALIAN LANDSCAPE IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ENGLAND. By *Elizabeth Wheeler Manwaring*. Oxford University Press. $3.

THE WOODCUT ANNUAL FOR 1925. Kansas City: Alfred Fowler.

Belles Lettres

BUCOLIC BEATITUDES. By RUSTICUS. The Atlantic Monthly Press. 1925. $1.50.

In this little book of six essays the author brings out bucolically ideal sketches of the dog, the pig, the hen, the cow, the horse, and the garden. With the first page the reader is carried into a peaceful and charming country atmosphere, and there he meets such members of the farm household as Cerberus, a one-eyed dog and perfect companion; the pig, "the humorist of the farm, an incorrigible wag, and nature's most perfect clown"; "the bird who never has had and never will have an 'inferiority complex'"; "the bovine ruminant in three letters"; the Incomparable One, the hired man who understands and loves these farm folk as much and as tenderly as his master; the horse, "a habit-making, habit-controlled creature"; and the garden, which gives the narrator the supreme and final pleasure—"the kinship that you feel for every growing thing."

Rusticus writes as if he were a retired urbanite who had succeeded in learning the secret of life and is making the most of it. He writes engagingly. His style is crisp and clear and well modulated; his humor is quaintly infectious. Those who long for the country and remain in the stuffy city; those who prefer to enjoy farm life in a literary setting; all those who delight in reading a fine essay when they come arcoss it will find this little book most pleasant reading. The illustrations by Decie Merwin and the general format are very good.

BOSWELL'S NOTE BOOK. Oxford University Press. $1.20.

HOW TO ENJOY LIFE. By *Sidney Dark*. Doran. $1.25 net.

Biography

HENRY CABOT LODGE. By WILLIAM LAWRENCE. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $1.75.

Bishop Lawrence has the qualification as a biographer of Senator Lodge that he both knew the man and comprehends the type. Lodge never suffered from indiscriminate praise. The number of his really warm friends was hardly greater than that of the men familiar with his origins and mental habitat—and these formed but a very small proportion of his countrymen. The Lawrence Biography is only a sketch, of some thirty thousand words, but it makes serious effort to review the most discussed acts in Lodge's political life, such as his support of Blaine in the 1884 campaign, his opposition to the League Covenant, and his vote for the soldier bonus: and in matters more concerning the private side of personality, Lodge's aloofness, his sarcasms, his bent toward old lights, the book discloses the upgrowth from boyhood on of a character which must naturally take such directions. Much of Bishop Lawrence's testimony is at first hand, especially in what concerns Lodge's early years and his life at Harvard. An account of the long and unbroken friendship between the Roosevelt and Lodge families will perhaps shake up the ideas of those earnest citizens who have looked on Roosevelt as great and good and on Lodge as a reactionary and an evil genius. The ability of the two men to get on and, more than that, to like each other from start to finish speaks well for Lodge's ability both to attract friendship and to confer it. Bishop Lawrence confesses frankly that he lost faith himself in Lodge in the 80's after the Blaine campaign, but affirms his later belief that Lodge supported Blaine from a scrupulous sense of party duty.

FROM A PITMAN'S NOTE BOOK. By ROGER DATALLER. Dial Press. 1925. $2.50.

It is difficult to believe that this book is the "diary of a human mole, the son of generations of miners," as the publisher tells us. One would say offhand that these pages were written by a young literary man who had taken a turn at working in the English mines. Some of the entries in Roger Dataller's note book are beautifully vivid, some amusing, all of them interesting and all very well written. Their sensitiveness and obvious literary emphasis are values extrinsic to their worth as a "human document."

All life is *one* and when Jesus Christ (impart, I pray you, the same tense bated breath you particularly reserve for Bertrand Russell) said, "Life and life more abundantly * * * I and my Father are one. * * * and ye are my brethren, ye are my sisters," He was only informing us in a language of infinite simplicity that the dirty harassed hewer is a living link with any Master on his bridge and that the trammer with his motties and his corf, is more than intimately related to the silken-hatted denizen of the metropolis.

This quotation strikes the tone of Mr. Dataller's note book. His book is enjoyable reading, yet one closes it wishing he had done for the English miners what, for instance, Turgeniev did for the Russian peasant in his "Sportsman's Sketches." The material is his; but though he has the feel of its minutiæ, the sense of its palpitant life seems to escape him. Ink is no substitute for blood, even in a note book.

ANNALS OF AN ACTIVE LIFE. By *General Sir Nevil Macready*. Doran. 2 vols. $12.

THE MAKING OF A STOCKBROKER. By *Edwin Lefèvre*. Doran. $2.50 net.

FERDINAND LASSALLE. By *Georg Brandes*. New York: Richards.

Fiction

THE STARKENDEN QUEST. By GILBERT COLLINS. McBride. 1925. $2.

Readers who have an appetite for the marvelous in strenuous adventure will find this an entertaining yarn: especially as it is not too marvelous, keeping itself just safely inside the line. It belongs to the family of which "King Solomon's Mines" remains the best example. The "quest" leads a trio of adventurers (and of course the indispensable girl) into the uncanny interior of French Indo-China, where, naturally, one may expect to find anything. In addition to the treasure there is a sort of "lost tribe" of aborigines, dwellers in a series of caves, ruled over by a descendant of the mysterious Khmers. There is always "something doing," with plenty of good fighting leading to a satisfying blow-up. The author's narrative style is well above the average: his plot is developed with considerable dramatic skill, and well sustained to the climax.

VICTORY. By LEONIE AMINOFF. E. P. Dutton. 1925. $2.

In the "Torchlight Series of Napoleonic Romances," of which this volume is the fifth of an ultimate and Apostolic twelve, the epic of the Napoleonic episode enters the lists of current fiction, and meets the demands of the saccharine shop-girl thriller on its own bathetic ground.

"Victory" is based on Napoleon's brilliantly suggestive, if unsuccessful, Egyptian expedition, retails the already notorious infidelity of Josephine, and gives the facts of the less advertised infatuation of the young Corsican with Madame Toures. Against the background of this sentimental comedy of manners, in which the idiosyncratic crudities of eighteenth century gallantry are toned down to the Quaker gray demanded by popular literary morality, are drawn thumbnail sketches of battles, the Nile, Aboukir, the Pyramids, Acre, and of politics, the *coup d'état*, the overthrow of the Directory, and the rise of Napoleon to the ominous post of First Consul.

Now these were military and political events the effect of which is still felt. There is therefore an excuse for a book which will make available to the reading masses a little specific information regarding their occurrence. The calomel of Clio is perhaps a justification for the sugar-coating of Thalia. Bad history, dressed up in bad fiction, is possibly better than no history at all. And hence this book has Jesuitical justification.

Not much, however, can be said for its literary style. Parenthetical in the extreme, jerky, almost hysterical, crowded with unaccommodating mannerisms, the effect is neither restful nor attractive. The spirit of the punctuation is that of the school-girl: all dashes, exclamation points, italics, and inconsequential asides. Certainly, it is not literature of a very high order.

As for the story, a fair degree of continuity has been achieved. The book hangs

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

together, even if the carpentry is occasionally jimcrack and the *décor* rococo. Fact and fancy are woven together, and where fact does not warrant, feminine intuition bridges the gap in one wild leap in which phrases flutter like petticoats, and the purpose flashes as seductively as a silk-stockinged leg.

SPINDRIFT. By HAROLD TITUS. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $2.00.

This is a melodramatic tale of a man who, suffering under the sting of outrageous fortune which finds him guilty of a murder he did not commit, escapes to track the culprit, to find love, to welcome life triumphant once again. When Carl Garrison, master of the yacht Norseman, was convicted on circumstantial evidence of the murder of the owner, he swore that some day he would track down the real slayer. "Even prison walls couldn't hold him when he set out to clear his name." Which, of course, he did clear, spotlessly.

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Miscellaneous

THE STORY OF COPPER. By WATSON DAVIS. Century. 1925. $3.

This volume is non-technical in form, written for the general public that is interested in obtaining interesting and cultural information, but does not care to wade through pages and pages of description valuable enough to the expert, but dull to the layman, and in many cases incomprehensible.

Watson Davis, is, as is well known, not only an expert in his field, but a writer of exceptional power in popularizing complicated scientific subjects. This authoritative book of his dealing with that marvelous red metal, copper, which has played so great a part in the civilization of mankind since before the beginning of history, will be welcomed by many. The book has an excellent reading list appended, index, and illustrations from photographs, showing some of the many uses of the metal, such as copper roofs, cartridge shells, telephone wires, etc.

A MANUAL OF STYLE. Revised by DAVID H. STEVENS and members of the staff of the University of Chicago Press. University of Chicago. 1925. $3.

This codification of the typographical rules of the University of Chicago Press has long held high place among publications of similar sort. It is now issued in revised form and in its new guise is more than ever an invaluable manual for the editor, publisher, author, and all who have to do with typographical matters. It is an admirably clear and simple presentation of the laws governing literary practice, comprehensive enough, though it makes no pretense to exhaustiveness, to serve all ordinary needs, and elastic enough to take count of the variations allowable to custom and taste. It has an excellent chapter on the difficult subject of punctuation, a brief glossary of technical terms, and a useful section devoted to presenting specimens of type. Altogether it is a book to covet for every editorial office. As an example of admirable book-making for a volume of its kind it deserves an especial word of mention.

LOW TEMPERATURE DISTILLATION. By *Sidney H. North*. Pitman. $4.50.

THE CARBURETOR HANDBOOK. By *Ernest W. Knott*. Pitman. $3.

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THE CONQUEST OF CANCER. By *H. W. S. Wright*. Dutton. $1.

THE YACHT AMERICA. By *Winfield M. Thompson, William P. Stephens, and William U. Swan*. Boston: Lauriat. $4 net.

Poetry

SCENARIO. By DEBBIE H. SILVER. Seltzer. 1925. $1.75.

"Scenario" is an excellent title for Mrs. Silver's inconspicuous volume, for the best of her poems are suggestive sketches rather than fully delineated compositions. In the longer poems, the diction is commonplace and the imagery hackneyed, but in the condensed verses Mrs. Silver's manifest sincerity finds a not inexpressive outlet. She is particularly happy in the quatrain, a medium well adapted to her touch which is delicate without being cloying. "Anticipation," "Apprehension," and "The Modern Muse" are clean-cut lines, sometimes sharpened on the emery of wit.

APPREHENSION

Echo where all is still,
A doubt against the will,
A pang without an ill,
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In the more ambitious section, Mrs. Silver writes of greater issues: "Shall These Things Be?" is a protest against the horror of lynch law, "The Suppliant at our Gates" contrasts the Kishinev pogroms with America's reception of the Russian Jew, "The College of the City" is a more direct celebration. But, though these larger appeals are emotionally sympathetic, they are not distinguished in execution. It is to the shorter pieces in "Scenario" which one turns with a certain pleasure though without surprise.

TWENTY-FIVE POEMS. By *Marsden Hartley*. Paris: Contact Publishing Co.

THREE STORIES AND TEN POEMS. By *Ernest Hemingway*. Contact.

LUNAR BALDECKER. By *Mina Loy*. Contact.

JUST ECHOES. By *France Frederick*. New York: Frederick H. Hitchcock, 105 West 40th St.

Travel

REGARDING THE FRENCH. By MOMA CLARKE. McBride. 1925. $2.50 net.

The traveller who knows his France and the stay-at-home who hopes some day to make acquaintance with it will alike find interest in this series of sprightly and discerning sketches of the French people and French living. Written with animation, they take up first some of the more general aspects of French life and then certain of the specific traits and points of view of the nation. Especially interesting are the chapters on French women, and on the relationship that prevails in the French family in regard to the income of husband and wife. Miss Clarke has both understanding of and sympathy for the people of whom she writes, and, possessed as she is of a nimble pen, has managed to make her essays on a familiar theme fresh and entertaining.

TRAILS AND SUMMITS OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS. By WALTER COLLIN O'KANE. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $2.50.

This is a convenient and interesting little guidebook for the devotee of mountain climbing who wishes to make an assault on the summits of the White Mountains. Intended for the beginner, it makes no attempt to cover the network of trails that lead through certain sections of the New Hampshire mountains, but selects those which by reason of the lack of special difficulties, and the measure of beauty and interest they afford in return for a moderate expenditure of effort are best suited to the needs of the amateur mountaineer. The directions which Mr. O'Kane gives are sufficiently explicit, together with the frequent signposts which mark the way of the different paths, to carry the tramper to his destination without confusion. Cross trails are indicated, short cuts noted, springs enumerated, and the points where the finest views are obtainable called to the attention of the climber. Without any attempt at rhetorical description the principal features of the landscape are described, and by way of introduction a few useful hints as to clothing and equipment are provided. For all its business-like attack upon its subject Mr. O'Kane's volume is able to awake in the reader who knows his White Mountain trails a longing to be following them.

LOST OASES. By *A. M. Hassanein*. Century. $4.

SIX YEARS IN THE MALAY JUNGLE. By *Carveth Wells*. Doubleday, Page. $3 net.

THROUGH THE PHILIPPINES. By *Frank G. Carpenter*. Doubleday, Page. $4 net.

A SUMMER IN FRANCE. By *Louis Wright* SIMPSON. Buffalo: The Otto Ulbrich Co.

LAGO DI GARDA AND NEIGHBOURHOOD. By *Helena L. Waters*. Houghton, Mifflin. $2.50.

OVER THE HILLS OF RUTHENIA. By *Henry Baerlein*. Boni & Liveright.

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THE NEGRO AND HIS SONGS. By HOWARD W. ODUM and GUY B. JOHNSON (University of North Carolina Press).

THE SMITHS. By JANET A. FAIRBANK (Bobbs-Merrill).

G. H. M., New York, who asked for bookplate advice, is informed that the "Book Plate Annual" for 1925, of whose approach I gave warning, is out, and a large blue beauty it is.

AN illustrated article on the bookplates of Dugald Walker most charms me, but there are others on Robert Anning Bell and D. Y. Cameron, many examples of contemporary bookplates and an exchange list. Talking of hobbies, as lately we were doing, why not develop this one? You can take it by collecting or by becoming an enthusiast in woodcutting. The "Book Plate Annual" is published by Alfred Fowler, Kansas City, Mo.

Here are some books sent in by readers for lists already printed:

H. A., Baltimore, found a brief survey of Russian history for the American reader in S. A. Korff's "History of Russia from Earliest Times": a preliminary syllabus, published by the Institute of International Education, New York City. *Elsy, N. Y.* (I wish he would send me his address if he wants questions answered in a reasonable time) tells E. J. M. that a list of ghost stories should have J. Lewis French's "Best Psychic Stories," the volume of supernatural tales in the eight-volume set of "Masterpieces" edited by him for Doubleday, Page, and "The Grim Thirteen," "by a man nemed Green, which I read with much pleasure in the Spring of 1918." *F. F. K.* asks why I did not recommend Algernon Blackwood's "A Prisoner in Fairyland" (Macmillan) to the man who liked "The Wind in the Willows"? Indeed it's a good book for him or anyone who likes delicate and gently-moralizing fantasy; it is the book I recommend to readers who write in every now and then, amazed at the strange power and beauty of his "Episodes Before Thirty" (Dutton) to ask which of his novels they shall read first. A Vermont correspondent even bought "A Reader's Guide Book" largely because he thought it must have a reply to a prospective Blackwoodian which appeared in this department some time ago. (By the way, the price of that priceless work is $2.75 and Holt publishes it, so please do not send me checks while the headquarters of this department are—this Summer—across the Atlantic.) As *K. H. N., Philadelphia,* asks for a series of Blackwood stories, I should say that the short story "The Wendigo" is the most thrilling beginning anyone could make—it is a supernatural tale of a prehistoric survival in the North Woods—and that after the "Prisoner" I would read "The Extra Day" unless you are interested in transmigration and magic in general, in which case you can begin anywhere. I drop off as he nears Egypt.

One more hint to clubs: the University of North Carolina publishes several excellent outlines, more detailed than most of such aids are, for the study of a number of literary subjects. Now it has added "Great Composers," by Paul Weaver, to the list; these may be ordered from the University, at Chapel Hill, N. C. *F. H. P., Washington, D. C.,* sends me a copy of the English magazine *The Gramaphone,* Compton Mackenzie's avocation, saying that his phonograph's value has been greatly increased by it, especially in his increased knowledge of foreign records. *H. P. S., New York,* adds to my recent advice on predestination and free will Prof. George Herbert Palmer's "The Problem of Freedom," published by Houghton, Mifflin in 1911.

B. H. K., Spokane, Wash., asks for books that outline the relationships of New Thought and Christian Science to Christianity in general and our Transcendentalists in particular. He does not want "the enthusiasm of a faithful believer or the attack of some convinced defender of orthodox religion, but a reasonably fair-minded discussion."

"MODERN Religious Cults and Movements," by Gaius Glenn Atkins (Revell), would be described in some such terms as this. The greater part of the book is given to New Thought, more especially to Christian Science. The author, who is pastor of the First Congregational Church of Detroit, discusses principles and phenomena open-mindedly, looking for truth and not afraid to find it anywhere. Books like this seldom please devotees, who are often more wounded by praise for both sides than by blame for themselves alone; students welcome them. Audiences at the League for Political Education welcome Alfred W. Martin's "Psychic Tendencies of Today" (Appleton) in lecture form in 1928; in book form they are discussions of New Thought, spiritualism, psychical research, and modern materialism in relation to the idea of immortality.

F. W., Nebraska City, Neb., asks what important novels have been lately translated from the French.

THE list is unusually varied. Psychological studies as tense as Francis Carco's "The Hounded Man" (Seltzer) seldom get into fiction, French or otherwise; the strain of suspense is almost sickening, though the murder in it has been committed before the story opens and the murderer's only real danger is from his own fears. Nor do we often have in fiction psychology as subtle and concerned with so unusual a subject as in Jean Cocteau's "Thomas the Impostor" (Appleton). A boy gets into the war on a false name and with no right to be there at all, fights brilliantly and fearlessly because, one suspects, it has not occurred to him that after all it is not a game that he is playing, and is buried under a monument telling of his heroic conduct, when, one thinks affectionately, what really lies there is a boy killed in a snow-fight. A crazy time it was, those mad first weeks of war, and this book preserves some aspects of them.

The immense Leviathan of Marcel Proust unfolds two more volumes called "Within a Budding Grave," this time under the auspices of Seltzer. Holt begins Romain Rolland's novel that will prove to be the feminine counterpart of "Jean Christophe" and that I for one find already much more of an entertainment than that was. This first volume is "Annette and Sylvie." In the next one Sylvie will be more respectable and Annette much less. "Lazarus," by Henry Beraud (Macmillan), is another psychological romance, an amazing study of a man who comes back to life after sixteen years in another personality, due to the accident in which his beloved wife was killed. He learns this only on his return to his old world, rich, restored to health—and haunted with anguish. There are two more novels from the group that Louis Hémon left, besides "Marie Chapdelaine," the scenes of both laid in London. "Blind Man's Buff" is one, "Monsieur Ripois and Nemesis" the other (Macmillan). The publication in English of Stendhal's "Life of Henri Brulard" (Knopf) is an event: it did not appear even in France until after Stendhal's death. In Henry Céard's "A Lovely Day" (Knopf) a French housewife takes one day off to live dangerously—at least she does her best. But for this sort of thing more is required than good—or bad—intentions, as more than one middle-aged lady has learned, in and out of France. Paul Morand's "Open All Night," "Closed All Night," and "Green Shoots"—the last the English title for "Tendres Stocks"—come from Seltzer. The first two are world-renowned; the third presents three sophisticated young ladies.

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Points of View

On Critics and Poets

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim's essay, "Criticism in America," in your issue for June 6, should not go uncontested, though it is difficult to find a direct approach to his general contention: it seems to be not quite precisely realized in his own mind.

Yet this much is certain: he deplores the supposed absence of an objective criticism in America, and he displays a good deal of superior impatience with an alleged neglect by critics of certain qualities of poetry which, one suspects, he imagines to be the qualities of his own and thus of his own discovery.

Indeed, the entire account of the state of our criticism and the motives of our critics he advances with a patronizing assurance of original discovery. Here one remembers some of the "new criticism" written some years ago for the *Little Review*, which passed as discovery in æsthetic principle among those who believed that criticism was not written before Margaret Anderson and the year 1900, just because they hadn't heard of it. One remembers also, in the *Little Review* (December, 1917), a letter from Ezra Pound unmistakably written to Mr. Bodenheim: "If you knew more of what had been, you wouldn't expect people to fall in adoration before what you take to be 'new and colorful combinations,' but which people of wider reading find rather worn and unexciting. . . . The fact that you like pretty things doesn't distinguish you from 500,000 other people. . . . At twenty I emitted the same kind of asinine generalities regarding Christianity and its beauties as you now let off about poetry. . . . Mastering an art doesn't consist in trying to bluff people. . . ."

But Mr. Bodenheim's ignorance includes much of the present also. After having ascribed inappropriate limitations to a group of journalists, who subsume under his notion of "literary critic,"—Farrar, Stallings, Maxwell Anderson, Broun who does his job well enough without pretensions to criticism—he speedily draws and quarters Mr. Mencken and Mr. Sherman with the tremendous finality of a platitude, omitting to mention that it has been said often before: both gentlemen being moralists, lack æsthetic interest; in fact, under unlike surfaces they desire the same moral ends. Apparently, to Mr. Bodenheim, these journalists exhaust the field; he is conveniently enough unaware of Santayana, Eliot, Edmund Wilson, Conrad Aiken, who are all expositors of an objective, unmoralistic criticism and are affected not at all, or very little, by the cliques and jealousies to which Mr. Bodenheim alludes. But then they aren't journalists; they have no interest in the editorial minutiæ of judgment which control the market for verse and review in the magazines; therefore, to Bodenheim they do not exist.

But two critics of much the same general interest as these, however, do exist—Malcolm Cowley and Gorham B. Munson. They may or may not be critics of the first rank. But if Mr. Bodenheim cares to comment on them, he might at least read something they have written or refrain from falsifying the tendencies respectively upheld by these men. The whole program of Secession emphasized exclusively the purely formal aspects of literature and put no limits on the artist's subject-matter or attitude whatsoever; Munson wouldn't object to anybody's irony, therefore, on principle. And if either Mr. Munson or Mr. Cowley has failed to accept Bodenheim's particular brand of irony, it is possibly because of another reason.

Moreover, it is most significant that Mr. Bodenheim charges these critics with indifference to four of the most astonishing qualities ever discovered in literature or for it: (1) nonchalance, (2) conscious irony, (3) deliberate emotion, (4) the *romping of intellect*—! It is distressing to catch the champion of "sophisticated" intellectual subtlety committing himself to such preposterously naïve opinions; for surely the metaphysical problem of Unity and the inseparability of Attributes ought to be better grasped by such a "metaphysical" mind. But one understands his objection to Munson's remark that Pound has never found a "vital center"; for Mr. Bodenheim apparently doesn't suspect that a poet might have a Mind. He must have these sophisticated, "deliberate emotions"; he is too wise to believe in anything but the foundations of his own vanity; he is thus superior to the mob.

The four qualities are obviously the qualities of Mr. Bodenheim's own verse. It is unfortunate if critics have failed to laud them (just as I, the present writer, am unfortunate in not being acclaimed a great poet—with sophisticated emotions). But one remembers Mr. Cowley's devastating critique of this "devastating poet." One remembers nothing of the kind, from any critic, about Robinson, Eliot, Elinor Wylie, John Crowe Ransom, all masters of irony after their several fashions and owners of considerable critical deference, here and abroad. How can Mr. Bodenheim say that irony ("ironical pity") goes unrecognized? As for nonchalance and the romping of intellect (!) we are uncertain; although we have observed how annoying these are in the young and how vulgarly they adorn the mature. One thinks of twenty-year-old cigar clerks, secretly ambitious for superiority, reading bad translations of late 19th century French literature, and of Princeton sophomores, and of the Chicago-Bodenheim-Hecht inferiority complex.

Mr. Bodenheim's essay evaporates in a special plea for a very specialized kind of poetry (his own), which he calls metaphysical. One hardly catches John Donne having deliberate emotions, nor his intellect romping about in a welter of *savoir faire*. Historically, metaphysics is speculation about the nature of reality; vulgarly, it is anything hard to understand: Mr. Bodenheim's verse says nothing about reality and is hard to understand. But this is not the place for an old fogy in the early twenties to offer tuition to a veteran like Maxwell Bodenheim; but Mr. Bodenheim's poetry, one might add, is too adjectival, that is, deals too exclusively in surfaces, to be metaphysical. It is a hazard to call it metaphysical because it is often obscure. But some of it is very good, and one hopes he will not further compromise its reputation by saying foolish and, as in the essay under scrutiny, disingenuous things about it.

ALLEN TATE.

New York City.

Mr. Guedalla Replies

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Sir:

The mail brings me your issue of May 30th and, with it, the indignation of your reviewer. He is distressed by the contents of a volume of mine entitled *Supers and Supermen* on the ground that "Since the publication of 'The Second Empire,' Mr. Guedalla has been exploiting the sound reputation. . . . It seems that his reputation gave Mr. Guedalla the privilege of writing whatever he pleased every week." I have to disappoint an eager critic. But I feel bound to inform you that *The Second Empire* was published in 1922, *Supers and Supermen*, a new edition of which was before your critic, in 1920. He might have discovered this fact, if he had done me the honor of a glance at my prefatory Note. But an author can readily forgive the eagerness of a critic who goes straight to his text. And no one is more acutely aware of the imperfections of his first book than the man who wrote it. But he must insist, in common fairness, that it is not treated as his latest. Your critic's manners are doubtless beyond your control; but I should be grateful if you would correct his facts.

PHILIP GUEDALLA.

London.

R. L. S.'s Birthplace

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

Sir:

The Robert Louis Stevenson Club, having purchased R. L. S.'s birthplace—8 Howard Place, Edinburgh—will establish it as a Memorial House for the depository of his Manuscripts, Relics and Books already collected by the Club; also the late Lord Guthrie's valuable collection of Stevensoniana, lent by the City of Edinburgh, and the gifts of Sir Sidney Colvin and Sir Graham Balfour, thus making it a literary shrine for Stevenson lovers the world over.

To adequately endow the House, an urgent appeal is being made to all admirers of Stevenson to send contributions to Sir Thomas Hutchinson, Bart., the Commercial Bank of Scotland, Edinburgh. To assist in this purpose, a grand Bazaar will be held in Edinburgh, November 17th and 18th, 1925.

LILLABELLE D. PALEY.

Brookline, Mass.

Trade Winds

I'VE been so busy getting my new shop in order that not till this week could I visit Brentano's new store, on 47th Street just west of the Avenue. It is a charming and brightly decorated abbey and the site, chosen after due consultation of various oracles, ought to be a lucky one. Just where is the nave of Mr. Brentano's new cathedral, once stood the modest cot where Messrs. Harcourt and Brace began their publishing business, at the tag end of the Teens. The canvas on the stairway, where Mr. Ernest Boyd goes down to look at European periodicals, is by Edward Simmons, the veteran painter and author of "From Seven to Seventy." It represents a young woman, presumably symbolic, in a high state of exhilaration over the discovery of a book. Or perhaps it is the Muse of the Reprint Business celebrating the tidings of the birth of Horace Liveright. No bookman's visit to New York can now be complete without halting at the New Brentano's. Even one of the colored doorboys has grown sideboards in honor of the translation.

Another shop recently opened is the Doubleday-Page branch in the Lexington Avenue lobe of the Grand Central Terminal. It has always been maintained that Westchester commuters are more literary in taste than the Long Island crowd who buzz off from Penn Station. We shall see. Cedric Crowell, the manager of the D. P. chain of now twelve boutiques, interviewed by me on this topic, stands up stoutly for the Long Islanders. "We had to put in a second store in the Long Island wing of the Penn Station, closer to the trains," he says, "because often a commuter, buying a book at our shop in the main arcade, had finished it before the Oyster Bay or Port Washington cars pulled out. We have sold three thousand copies of 'The Constant Nymph' to Long Island commuters alone."

News for Mr. Ovington: Maggie Kennedy, author of the "Nymph," is to be married on August 1st, to David Davis, former secretary of H. H. Asquith. Her English publisher is giving her a set of table-glass, and I think the American booksellers ought to do something about this, the most exciting literary wedding since Daisy Ashford's. She dropped an unexpected Best Seller on our counters. I have a good laugh when I think of the controversy over Miss Kennedy's age. The *N. Y. Times* lists her as 27, the *Manchester Guardian* says she's over 40. What does it matter? She wrote a good book.

I was about to say that the best small dictionary that has come into my shop in recent years is the Pocket Oxford Dictionary. But at that moment a literary critic used the word *carminative* in what I felt sure was an incorrect sense. I seized the P. O. D. to look it up; and the word wasn't there. Particularly unfortunate in an age when writers greatly need just that. So, though the P. O. D. is a magnificent little book, I still swear by the Concise Oxford Dictionary.

The Oxford University Press isn't the only publisher in Oxford, by the way. One of the pleasantest of recent visitors here was Mr. Basil Blackwell, who carries on with taste and judgment the excellent bookselling and publishing business founded fifty years ago by his father, Mr. B. H. Blackwell, who died last year. The Blackwell shop on Broad Street, Oxford, is remembered by every bookish visitor to that city; many queer little volumes of verse, by authors who later became celebrated, were published by Mr. Blackwell in their writers' undergraduate days. Sir William Osler once said that much of the intellectual life of the Oxford students revolved about Blackwell's, and it is still true. Basil Blackwell has done a great deal to expand the publishing side of the business, and his enterprise in coming all the way to Chicago to attend the American Booksellers' convention was very characteristic. A friend of mine who knew B. B. in college days says that his pleasantest recollection of this agreeable person was when he used to play a tin whistle to provide the music for a young band of Country Dancing zealots. On the waterside meadows of the Cher, many a summer evening, these gaily hallucinated youths and maidens used to gather, after supper, and to the wheedling airs of Mr. Blackwell's rustic pipe would joyously thud out the patterns of "Gathering Peascods" and "Cuckolds All Awry." Mr. Blackwell now has no less than forty assistants in his shop, and sometimes I wish I were one of them.

When the committee that makes the Pulitzer Prize awards meets for its 1925 decisions, I hope it will give due consideration to Dr. Harvey Cushing's "Life of Sir William Osler." It is a noble summary of a noble life; and if one can read of the great doctor's death and how he lay his last night at Christ Church, in the scarlet gown of Oxford and his favorite copy of the "Religio" beside him—if one can read those pages without a tingling of the eyelids, yes and more, he is no man for me. * * * The runner-up for the Pulitzer biography award is equally unmistakable, so far. I mean, of course, M. R. Werner's "Brigham Young."

Publishers and the dealers in rare books frequently get a summer vacation abroad. Gabriel Wells has gone to visit the schloss he has bought in Buda-Pesth. The *Maison Wells* it is now called; it stands, he assures me, in the very center of the city, right where the hyphen is. The plain ordinary plugging side-street bouquiniste, like me, who has only a young Amherst graduate in the shop to help him wrap packages and send out bills (I chose an Amherst man because he was the only youngster who could translate the Latin and Greek mottoes the publishers use on their colophons; no one would be so embarrassed as a publisher if asked to construe his own motto) is lucky if he gets a week-end at Atlantic Highlands. But if I can make it, this summer I'm going to have a flyer and go to the Poland Spring Hotel, Maine. Because it advertises, as its chief attractions, "Tennis, Bathing, Horseback Riding, Fishing, Library of 8,000 Volumes." Never before have I seen a hotel advertise its library. Though it is true that the Hotel Pennsylvania, here in New York, has in its library almost the only easily accessible copy of George Gissing's "House of Cobwebs" that I know of. And that reminds me: when will someone reprint Morley Roberts' "Private Life of Henry Maitland"? I have a call for it here in the shop regularly about once a month.

It would be easier for all of us to take a European vacation if we had two stalwart sons like James F. Drake, or three like Izaac Mendoza down on Ann Street, to carry on the business. But even more valuable than sons are a globe of goldfish like Mr. Drake's. Nothing more priceless than those fish has ever been known in the trade—unless it be Fred Melcher's unimpeachable *bonhomie*. If ever a First Edition that is not completely flawless is brought into Drake's shop, at once one of the goldfish rolls over and expires of *taedium vitae*. Many another Rare Dealer would give much to know the secret of training those pets. The only drawback is that the fish will not permit Mr. Drake to keep in stock any edition whatever of Izaak Walton. Once when a very fine "Angler" was bid in by Mr. Drake at auction, the whole shoal leaped simultaneously from their tank and lay gulping on the floor.

"Wings and the Child," one of the most charming books E. Nesbit ever wrote—justly praised by Mr. Benét in this *Review* lately—is on the 50-cent counter at Liggett's in the Grand Central. And E. V. Lucas when he dropped into my shop remarked that the best fiction come out of American since O. Henry was Fanny Hurst's "Lummox."

P. E. G. QUERCUS.

The Reader's Guide

(Continued from preceding page)

L. B. B., Boston, Mass., asks for books on the principles of investment.

A LIST on this subject appeared some weeks since; in addition to these and besides Henry Sturgis's "Investment: a New Profession" (Macmillan), thereon named, here are some recent publications: "The Common Sense of Money and Investments," by Merryle Stanley Rukeyser (Simon & Schuster), is for the beginner, the man or woman just entering the field of investment. There is a chapter on model investment lists for various classes and types of people; the author is a financial editor and knows not only his subject but the needs of his readers. "Common Stocks as Long Term Investments," by Edgar Lawrence Smith (Macmillan), challenges some of the principles of conservative investment, but it has had such careful testing that it is certainly no haphazard affair: 200 advance copies went out in 1923, 1,200 in 1924, all to be tried out by men of experience in the field. The result of all this, with new chapters and charts, appeared late in 1924. The problem of cycle control is vitally interesting: it is considered in "Economics of Business Cycles" by A. B. Adams (McGraw-Hill).

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

"THE WOODCUT ANNUAL FOR 1925"

"THE Woodcut Annual for 1925" has been published in response to the growing demand for a proper appreciation and recognition of the wood engraving in modern graphic art. The volume in itself is a good example of the art of illustration and typography and will appeal to those interested in appropriate bookmaking. It is a large quarto, printed in large type, arranged in double-column, on Old Stratford paper, handsomely bound in orange boards and limited to 600 copies.

Gardner Teall tells "The Story of the Woodcut," which is a general survey from its infancy to present modernism, with fourteen illustrations chosen to show the beginning of the art, its early development, its later decline and now its revival as an effective medium of original art expression. Rudolph Ruzicka has written "A Note on the Technique of Wood-engraving and Woodcutting" illustrated with examples of the author's own work in black and white and in color. Ralph C. Smith, of the Graphic Arts Division of the United States National Museum, has contributed an article on "Portrait Engravings by Timothy Cole," dealing with this interesting phase of Mr. Cole's work and with his whole career in general. James Guthrie discusses "The Woodcut as a Book Art," a subject he is particularly well qualified to handle as he is a master of both the art of the woodcut and of the craft of fine book production. In addition to the illustrations for these articles, there is a portfolio of contemporary woodcuts by Lucien Pissaro, Charles A. Wilkinson Charles B. Falls, John F. Greenwood, Marguerite Callet-Carcano, and J. J. Landes. The frontispiece is a reproduction in colors of "Flying Island" by Walter J. Phillips and there is also a color insert by Rudolph Ruzicka to illustrate the method of printing woodcuts in colors. There is also a list of contemporary woodcuts, useful for the print collector and important as a chronological record of the art of the woodcut. The list has been compiled from information supplied by the artists and gives the titles, dimensions, states and editions of the various contemporary prints.

The publication of this well-conceived and admirable annual is due to the enterprise and editorial foresight and ability of Arthur Fowler, 816 Board of Trade, Kansas City, Mo., who has done so much for the contemporary art of the bookplate through the publication of his "Book Plate Annual" during the last five or six years. Many who have watched his influence in this field with sympathetic interest will wish him success in his endeavor to disseminate knowledge and quicken artistic feeling and appreciation in this branch of the graphic arts. Mr. Fowler should have the encouragement and support of all who care for progress in this field.

PATRIOT, PRINTER AND POET

THE Tuttle Company of Rutland, Vermont, announces the early publication of "Anthony Haswell, Patriot and Poet," by John Spargo, a work which cannot fail to be of great importance to collectors of Americana in general, and especially to all interested in American bibliography of the Revolutionary War period and of Vermontiana. Anthony Haswell, printer patriot of Bennington, Vermont, whose imprints have long commanded the interest and attention of collectors, has received little attention heretofore. After years of study and research Mr. Spargo has brought together a great deal of material about Haswell's literary and publishing enterprises entirely unknown before. He has traced his ancestry, his boyhood, and early life before coming to Bennington. New light is thrown upon Haswell's services in the Revolutionary Army, and his connection with other noted New England printers. His struggles in publishing his newspapers at Bennington and Rutland are told with greater detail than has hitherto been possible. The volume will contain a representative collection of his verse—political and patriotic, Masonic and religious—a feature of value to students of early American poetry. A list of Haswell's imprints, with full bibliographical data, forms an important part of the work, and will be more extensive than any hitherto published. Facsimiles of some of the rarer and less known items will be given. The volume will be an octavo, printed in a worthy format, autographed by the author, and limited to 300 copies. The prospects now are that the edition will be exhausted soon after publication.

"A BIBLIOGRAPHY of the Writings of Samuel Butler," by A. J. Hoppe, has just been published by *The Bookman's Journal* and the portion of the edition assigned to America will be supplied at the office of *The Publishers' Weekly*. The volume is a cap quarto of 200 pages, illustrated with facsimiles of manuscripts and title pages, and limited to 500 copies, only 475 of which are for sale. Part I is devoted to first editions, comprising about 50 items; Part II to contributions to periodicals, 77 items; Part III to books about Butler, mainly containing hitherto unpublished writings by him, 7 items; and an Appendix containing a list of articles about Butler, 106 items; and some letters from Butler to the Rev. F. G. Fleay, now first published. The notes throughout the work tell the bibliographical history of all Butler's writings from every aspect. In nearly every case the first edition sheets were reissued with new title pages and other variations; all such reissues are recorded and described. All translations are given in the notes, where also will be found information as to the market value of the first editions. Several rare leaflets are brought to light for the first time. This work is the first exhaustive bibliography of Butler and will be of inestimable value in collating the first and rare editions of his works. Students will welcome the information in regard to writings about him. The letters and facsimiles give the volume more than a bibliographical value.

NOTE AND COMMENT

OF the recently published collected edition of Hudson's writings in 24 volumes limited to 750 sets only a few remain unsold.

A First Folio of Shakespeare from the Wollaton Hall library of Lord Middleton sold at Hodgson's in London, June 18, brought $17,000.

Dr. George Watson Cole, former librarian of the Henry E. Huntington Library, San Gabriel, Calif., has had reprinted from the Wilberforce Eames "Tribute" his paper on Elizabethan Americana.

The Oxford University Press has reissued "A Bibilography of Samuel Johnson" by W. P. Courtney and D. Nichol Smith, now illustrated with many facsimiles, and limited to 350 copies.

The Dr. George Loring Porter collection of portraits of Washington, said to be one of the finest in existence, recently presented to Brown University, is now on exhibition in the John Hay Library.

An orderly book, dealing with the daily record of Washington's orders while in command of the American Revolutionary forces beginning in July, 1777, when he took command at Cambridge, has recently become the property of the American Antiquarian Society at Worcester, Mass.

Book collectors from all parts of the world flocked to Florence, Italy, last month to attend the second International Book Fair, at which they were able to examine the finest productions of nearly all of the book printing nations of Europe, Asia, America, Africa, and Australia. The largest exhibits were from Italy, France, England, Germany, Switzerland, Jugoslavia, and Rumania, but small nations in Europe and South America were surprisingly well represented. There were particularly interesting collections of sacred books, of Japanese and of Hebrew books, the latter including contributions from the United States, Poland, Italy, and Egypt.

Georges Girard has won the Prix de la Renaissance for his novel "Les Vainqueurs" (Nouvelle Revue Française), which is the story of an infantry battalion at the outbreak of the Great War. Until now Girard, who is thirty-four, has written only essays, such as "Le parfait secrétaire des grands hommes," etc. He is librarian at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

MR. R. W. CHAPMAN, of the Clarendon Press, Oxford, has in preparation an edition of Jane Austen's letters which will form a supplement to the edition of her novels published at Oxford in 1923. In a letter to the *London Times Literary Supplement* he states: "To read the complete text of all the known letters it is at present necessary to consult at least four distinct books—the 'Memoir,' by J. E. Austen-Leigh, the 'Letters,' edited by Lord Brabourne in 1884, the 'Life and Letters,' by the late W. Austen-Leigh and R. A. Austen-Leigh, and 'Jane Austen's Sailor Brothers,' by J. H. and E. C. Hubback. Moreover, some passages in extant letters are still unpublished.

"The need for an edition is thus apparent. The undertaking has been made possible by the courtesy of Messrs. Macmillan, who have given leave for the use of the edition of 1884, which is their copyright. But to make it as perfect as possible it is necessary to collate the printed texts with the originals. I have been able to do so for rather more than two-thirds of the 146 letters known to me. This has been made possible by the kindness of the descendants of Jane Austen's brothers, of Mr. J. P. Morgan, and of several private collectors in this country and in America. But as I have so far failed to trace some fifty letters, most of which are doubtless in private hands, I venture to solicit communications from any owners whom I have hitherto been unable to trouble."

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The Phoenix Nest

FIVE hundred years ago Piers Plowman set forth from the Malvern Hills on a bright May morning. In the fourteenth century one *William Langland* wrote out all in a fair and clerkly hand the exploits of Piers Plowman, and in our own day *Florence Converse* drew from that poem a prose masterpiece called "Long Will," which may now be obtained in Everyman's Library. Even more recently, it seems, *Mrs. G. K. Chesterton* has put Piers into a morality play, which she entitled "Piers Plowman's Pilgrimage." This play was lately produced at the Bath Community Theatre and was presented in the historic Pump Room. Bath is not so far from the Malvern Hills, so the spectre of Piers may have strolled over to view the spectacle. * * * *Stella Benson* ought to be here about now. She sailed from Hong Kong about the middle of May, and has made a short stop in San Francisco. In September her new book of travel adventures, "The Little World" will be out. * * * *Joe Weber* has written to *Felix Isman*, who wrote "Weber and Fields," that he isn't going to act any more "only be a book agent." He has a ten-dollar bet up with *George McKay* that he will sell more books than George does the week they play the Palace in New York. * * * We dipped into *Edwin Le Fevre's* "The Making of a Stockbroker" the other day and found it full of interest. It does not recount Le Fevre's own experiences, but is written as though it were told in the first person by one *John Kent Wing* * * * This man, they say, under another name, is known as a powerful figure in downtown New York. * * * There are plenty of good stories in the book, one of the best being of the day of red tragedy when a crazy man tried to blow up the Morgan building. A blue-lipped terror-stricken friend passed and "Wing" grabbed his arm, asking what was the matter. He explained. Then

"'My God!' said a stranger, boring in between us and pushing his face close to my friend's. 'My God, that's awful, Did you notice what was the last Baldwin?'"

* * * The ruling passion, strong in death! * * * Those who thought "God's Stepchildren" a remarkable book will hasten to read "The Harp," a new one by *Ethelreda Lewis*. It is another novel of South Africa. * * * *Donn Byrne*, having just missed the *Tunney-Gibbons* fight, has sailed again for Europe. His next novel will be called "Hangman's House." * * * Books you simply ought to read: "The Counter-plot" by *Hope Mirrlees*, "Cruel Fellowship" by *Cyril Hume*, and "The Polyglots" by *William Gerhardi*. * * * A new book by *André Maurois*, author of the famous "Ariel," is "Captains and Kings," discussing the subject of leadership, and cast in the form of three dialogues. * * * *Blanche* and *Alfred Knopf* are now abroad, arranging with English and Continental authors for American publication. * * * The Spingarn medal, given each year to an American negro citizen for the most distinguished achievements, has gone to *James Weldon Johnson*, secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. His "The Book of American Negro Spirituals" will appear in September. * * * And in the fall a first novel by a girl only eighteen years old, (another *Mollie Panter-Downes?*) will be published. This is "Fame" by *Micheline Keating*, who is said to possess an unusually powerful imaginative gift. * * * Looking forward some more, the verses in praise of drinking, entitled "Full and By," illustrated by the *Edward A. Wilson* who made *Frank Shays's* "Iron Men and Wooden Ships" a best-seller last Christmas, and edited by *Cameron Rogers*, will also sport prefaces by *Don Marquis* and *Christopher Morley*, when it burgeons in the Autumn; and Chris's own "Thunder on the Left," having run serially in *Harper's*, will be out in book-form by that time. * * * So will novels by *Edna Ferber* and *Kathleen Norris*, Kathleen's being one she has not serialized, "Little Ships." * * * And *Meade Minnegerode's* latest in biography, by that time, will be the "Aaron Burr" in which he is assisting the research ability of *Samuel H. Wandell* * * * Finally there will come, *circa* the football season, a new biographical edition of the works of *O. Henry*, 16mo. (pocket size), tentative price, cloth, $.90, leather, $1.35, per vol. * * * *Al Jennings, Hyder Rollins, Mabel Wagnalls, Arthur Page, Peyton Steger*, and others contribute prefaces. * * * *Alfred Fowler's* "The Woodcut Annual for 1925" has now made its appearance. It is a beautiful book, in an edition limited to six hundred copies. *Gardner Teall* tells "the Story of the Woodcut" in it, *Ralph C. Smith* discusses *Timothy Cole's* portrait engraving, and there are reproductions of the work of *Cole, Dürer, Bewick, Pissarro, Falls, Lankes*, and so on. * * * The price of the book is seven-fifty. * * * We denominate as the most extraordinary June title, *V. Sackville-West's* "Seducers in Ecuador." Yet Ecuador actually remains but a shadow in the background of this brief novel. * * * *Witter Bynner's* "Young Harvard" is a new edition of his initial achievement in verse; we have always gone back from Bynner's later work to some of the simple lyrics of this earliest volume, a few of which still remain our favorites out of all his poetry. "Grenstone River," "The Chaplet," "So Kind You Are," and "Over the Hills," are true and unspoiled singing. They have the casual felicity of genius. * * * Which reminds us that we wish a few of our modern poets would *sing*. It is rapidly becoming a lost art, the true lyric, for the true lyric is not a pondered effect, but a thing as rare and thrilling as the sight of an unselfconscious beautiful face or the overhearing of a beautiful untrained voice. The great lyric is an entirely random rhythm that somehow sings in all hearts forever. It cannot be achieved by taking thought. * * * Today is a day of taking thought, and the charm of spontaneity is likely to give us the go-by forever. * * * Perhaps. * * * Perhaps not. * * * *Shelley* had the secret of the lyric. For Shelley didn't mind being silly. * * * Shilly-shally with Shelly! * * * *K. M. S.*, that favorite contributor of the late *B. L. T.'s*, was the author of modern *Hans Breitmann* poems in German-English jargon. "Die Schönste Lengevitch," by *Kurt M. Stein* of Chicago, is now obtainable. * * * We once talked Pennsylvania Dutch, but K. M. S.'s style is a little different. Hear him, for instance, in his adieu to his readers:

Wenn ich suckseeded hab a shmile zu raiseh
Auf Grund wo formerly zu trocken war,
Fühl ich so happy als wenn auf der Car
Bei'm Morning Rush a Seat wär frei gewese'.
Drum tut mich auch kei Kritizism fezeh:
Ich heis' net Keats or Heine, das iss klaar.
'S macht ennyhow kei diffrence in a Jahr
Tut man mei Ferses knocke oder raiseh.

Ich hoff dass Shmiles wo ich gesowed hab,
bleibe',
Zum starken Habit wachse' und die Blues
Und Grouches ganz for gut und all vertreibe'.
Dem Devil, even, händed man sei Dues.
So, wenn ich auch nur Foolishness tu schreibe,
Hab ich doch ennyhow a gut Exkuhs.

* * * *William S. Sadler*, M.D., F.A.C.S., has just published a book entitled "Americanitis" in which he describes the present whirlwind of haste that characterizes the American people and results in victims of blood pressure and the nerves. He has it in for the young business man who determines to get to the top at once, at any cost to his physique. * * * We ourselves think a little more of this sanity might be talked in the day of eternal "pep," "punch," and "go get 'em." * * * But perhaps that is only because we're so frightfully lazy! * * * Anyway, we're too lazy to write any more of this column today. * * * And so, adieu!

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—Walt Whitman, *Specimen Days*.

* * *

Once some sixty years ago, I was one of a mourning crowd watching a funeral procession. The coffin was so long that it extended beyond the rear of the hearse. That was the nearest I had ever come to seeing Lincoln.

—Henry Holt, *Garrulities of an Octogenarian Editor*.

* * *

"Most professors can't write," said Mr. Farrar. "They can't do a lead, try as they may."

—*The Publishers' Weekly*, report of a lecture.

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